

COLLIER'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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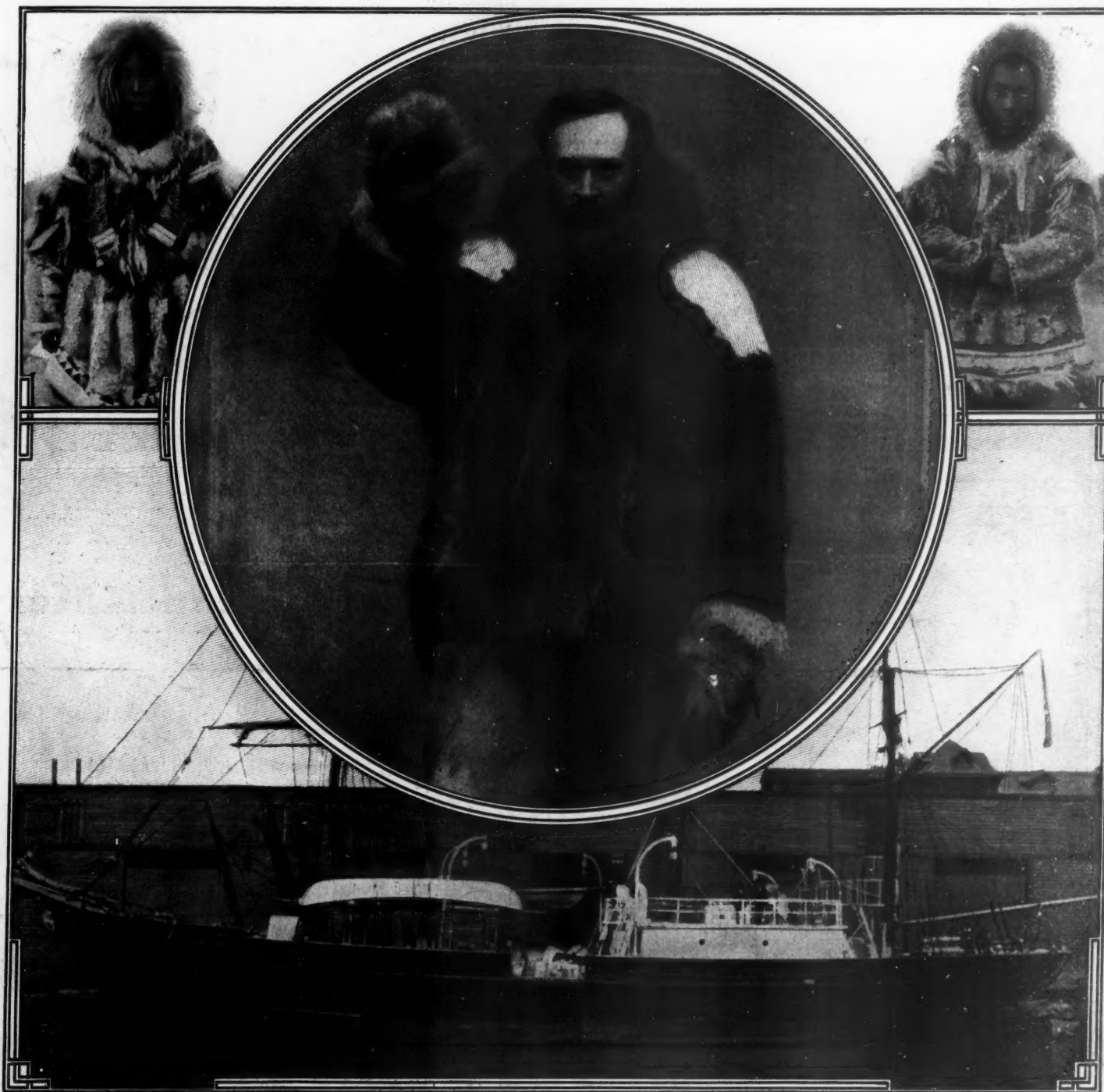
NEW YORK OCTOBER 4 1902

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A MAN OF THE POLAR REGIONS



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(SEE PAGE 8)

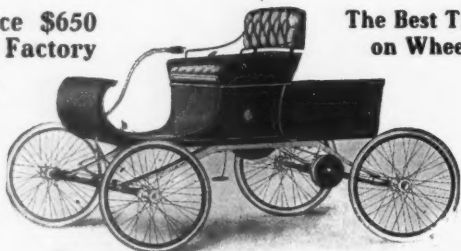
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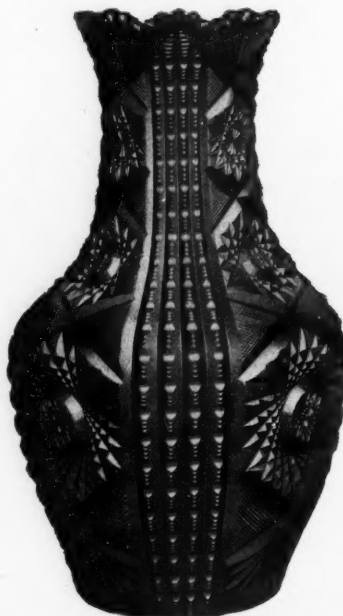
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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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WITHIN TWO MONTHS, TWO MUCH-DISCUSSSED Polar expeditions have been abandoned. Lieutenant Peary's failure was not as conspicuous as Mr. Baldwin's. The older explorer reached a latitude of 84.17 before his further progress was checked by perilous obstacles on the ice of the Polar Sea. But 84.17 means nothing at all to the mind of the average man who doesn't know the latitude of his own village. But, considered from the standpoint of scientific men, the expedition was not a failure in the sense Baldwin's luckless adventure and even Nansen's much-lauded attempt were failures. Peary has succeeded at one time or another in mapping a large part of Greenland, and he has increased the general store of exact information on the life, climate and sea currents of the Arctic region. It is hardly probable that he will undertake another expedition.

CONSIDERABLE CAPITAL HAS BEEN MADE RE- cently by alarmists and trouble-mongers concerning the attitude of his Imperial Majesty of Germany toward this country, and particularly his intentions toward the facion-racked island of Hayti—a garden-spot of the West Indies, if left to the devices of nature and undisturbed by the political disagreements of man. Unfortunately, that particular garden-spot has been shamefully uprooted by its irresponsible inhabitants, and calls aloud for the firm, restraining hand of established authority. In this issue appears an article by a correspondent of COLLIER'S WEEKLY who has spent many months investigating the true state of affairs in this almost unknown island (which contains a territory almost as extensive as Cuba), and who sets down frankly the deductions he draws from the wretched state of affairs now existing. The utter impossibility of any ill-feeling arising between the United States and the fatherland of millions of the best inhabitants of our country is made apparent in Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's able leading article in this issue, which brings vividly to mind the indissoluble ties supposed to be affected by the possibly hasty but certainly conscientious action of a righteously wrathful German sailor, who very properly felt disinclined to put up with any "nonsense" in a quarter of the globe whose climate conduces to hasty action through maltreatment of the liver. With nations, as with individuals, a fomentor of strife should be promptly suppressed, and the big brothers of the guardian of peace should offer a vote of thanks to the energetic policeman on the beat—be he of whatever nationality. The rebel admiral had committed an act of piracy and was properly punished as a pirate. In the same circumstances an American naval commander would have pursued the same course. The case is identical with our suppression of the rebellious Brazilian admiral's taste for stopping and searching American ships at Rio Janeiro. The episode has been of practical benefit in convincing soldiers of fortune of the danger of interfering with commerce. We are enforcing the same lesson by guarding the railway in Panama with marines.

THE LATEST INTERVIEW WITH MR. CROKER affords an idyllic picture of the great man in the retirement of his English home. He is done forever with practical politics, he says. His horses, his dairy and the various other peaceful interests of Moat House fill up the measure of his activity and his ambition. His temper is now purely philosophic as becomes a man who has played a great part and is at last taking his well-earned rest, happy in the approval of a good conscience. Naturally he betrays a little self-satisfaction, proper to all truly great and successful men at his time of life. But his tone is serene and passionless. Only once does he evince the slightest irritation, "touchin' on and appertainin' to" his whilom friend Mr. Devery. The philosophic habit is difficult of acquirement by one who has led an unusually strenuous life, and so this slight lapse of Mr. Croker's will be easily pardoned to him. Never a euphemist, it was to be expected that he would express his disagreement with Mr. Devery in the most positive terms. The incident a little impairs the fine dignity of Mr. Croker in his present enviable circumstances; but it is not material, and it is quickly forgotten in contemplating the permanent retirement of the great man. That is indeed a fact of such unmingled blessedness as to dispense with any minor and less pleasurable consideration.

THE PRESIDENT WAS OBLIGED TO ABANDON HIS trip through the West on September 23 because of the appearance of a slight abscess on the leg necessitating an operation. The abscess was a consequence of the collision at Pittsfield, Mass. The operation was in no respect a serious one, but it caused considerable uneasiness throughout the country. At the time of writing the wound was healing, but

the physician had insisted upon the President abandoning his tour and resting for a week or ten days. The interruption of the tour was a disappointment to the President, who seemed to enjoy travelling at breakneck speed and making five or six speeches a day, and to the public, who have been reading his addresses with keen interest if not always with sympathy. His later utterances on the subject of trusts were not as radical as the New England speeches. He pleaded for a tender and Christian campaign against the combinations. We venture to suggest that this is not the quality the President likes to see exhibited in his favorite pastimes of war and football, and that he would not have got very far up San Juan Hill if he had felt charitably toward the Spaniards who occupied that eminence. At Indianapolis he discussed the tariff question. It is generally known that his views on this subject have never been in accord with those of the high protection wing of the party. But in Speaker Henderson's refusal to accept a renomination for Congress, in the revolt of the "beet sugar Senators," and in various other ways the President has been made to feel the power of the protectionists, and he dealt very amiably with the tariff. It must be treated as a business proposition, he said. It would be unwise to make violent and radical changes at intervals of every few years. The tariff ought to be taken out of politics and readjusted to meet the present needs of the country by a non-partisan board of experts, but nothing should be done in violation of the "avowed determination to protect the interests of the American producer, be he business man, wage-worker or farmer."

SOME MEASURE OF THE INTENSITY OF PUBLIC feeling against the trusts was afforded by the recent New York Republican State Convention. A certain Mr. Sheldon of New York City was a candidate for the position of Lieutenant-Governor. He was just the sort of man that the real politicians like to nominate, for that sort of place. He was rich and he was liberal. Senator Platt promised him the nomination; Governor Odell was his friend. But the newspapers discovered that Mr. Sheldon had been connected with the formation of various trusts. The connection was slight and had long ago ceased, but there was enough truth in the statement to arouse the ire of "up-State" Republicans, who deluged the leaders with protests against the nomination. Governor Odell, who takes a very light interest in the campaign against the trusts, but is too good a politician to be indifferent to any manifestation of popular feeling, compelled Mr. Sheldon to withdraw from the race, which he did, sadly and reluctantly, and to the infinite chagrin of the minor orders of political workers. The incident is more important than it seems, for it has emphasized in the minds of the politicians the practical necessity of responding to the popular outcry against the trusts. They have been disposed to hope that the agitation would blow over, and so it might have done if the activities of ambitious financiers had been confined to such products as steel and locomotives. But the attempt to create trusts among the dealers in the actual necessities of life has given a new turn to the situation. It has disturbed others besides the politicians. Business men and financiers throughout the country have begun to awaken to the fact that "combinations of capital" are not a limitless benefit to the country. This is one of the reasons why the so-called "beef trust" has halted. It is no doubt an enterprise fraught with great possibilities of good to the public. We must believe it, for the promoters tell us so. But persons who are not interested in the profits of the proposed combination cannot regard with complete equanimity a scheme that makes absolute the power of a small body of men to regulate the price of the country's food. If they were the philanthropists they would have us believe, the case might be different. But in their management of the informal combination that has existed for years they have displayed no great altruism, but have piled up huge fortunes by vigorously squeezing both producer and consumer.

SECRETARY HAY'S CIRCULAR ON THE ROUMANIAN Jews has met with almost unanimous approval in the press on both sides of the Atlantic. But there are censors who hold diplomacy to be a form of high art beyond the control or use of common humanity, and they think the Secretary has made a mistake. We are glad to say that very few people in this country will agree with them. The Secretary protested against the oppression of the Jews by Roumania on two grounds: first, because it inflicted on this country a forced immigration of pauperized refugees; secondly, because the oppression is of such a nature as to call for intervention by the powers on the ground of humanity.

It is needless to say that the circular is correct in form and that it has been sent through the proper diplomatic channel. We cannot see how the power of the State Department could be more wisely exercised than in just such a case as this one. The protest is in keeping with the finest traditions of our government, which has not always hesitated from motives of policy to raise its voice in behalf of oppressed races. The circular has generally increased the esteem in which Secretary Hay is held by the country, and it has aroused public sentiment to a point where the Roumanian Government must take heed of the disgust of the world with its position.

IN ST. LOUIS AN ENERGETIC PROSECUTING ATTORNEY has been spreading dismay among bribers and takers of bribes. He has forced a confession from one of the latter company. A number of dishonest legislators are in jail or have confessed by flight. Also there is dismay in the places where the managers of corporations gather, and several "leading citizens" expect to extend their vacations indefinitely. As usual, the scandal is connected with the grant of public franchises, a source of dishonesty so prolific that it is no wonder many men who would resent the name of socialist are beginning to think that these rights never should be permitted to pass to private ownership. Nineteenths of the corruption of public bodies is traceable to the corporate control of public property. Whether this is true of America alone, we are not prepared to say. But the fact is worth noting, that the industrious gentleman who organized corruption in a Western City Council and a Western State Legislature has gained control of exceptionally valuable franchises in a foreign capital where the integrity of public officials is supposed to be above suspicion; and this in spite of the fact that his interesting career included a short stay in the penitentiary. Has the promoter changed his methods, the leopard his spots? Or is the granting of franchises the same ugly business, inviting the same sort of vicious enterprise everywhere?

SPEAKER HENDERSON'S REFUSAL TO ACCEPT A renomination for Congress was a shock to the Republican leaders and a surprise to the country. The President attempted to induce the Speaker to reconsider his determination, but Mr. Henderson was obdurate. His action seems to have been the direct result of the stand taken by the Iowa State Convention on tariff revision, of which mention has been made in this column. Governor Cummins, who leads the fight for a reduced tariff, is hostile to the Speaker, and it was generally felt that in some way the platform adopted by the convention was a slap at Mr. Henderson and his friends. The wounds of the political battle were made more sore by a variety of personal affronts in Congress and elsewhere until the Speaker's temper got the better of his ambition and he fled. This is the story briefly told. In a public statement Mr. Henderson says: "After an age spent in fighting for my country, State and district, I cannot acquiesce in administering free-trade poison to cure the trust evil, which I abhor." Mr. Henderson may live to fight another day, but the circumstances of his flight have done anything but honor to his valor and his dignity.

SENATOR TELLER OF COLORADO HAS AT LENGTH come out openly and irrevocably as a Democrat. Up to a few weeks ago, although a Democrat in fact, so far as his vote and influence gave him a party name, he had not formally connected himself with the party. Technically, we suppose, he was a "Silver Republican"; indeed, he was the Silver Republican party. The rest of it practically passed out of existence with the eclipse of the issue that made it. But at a Democratic convention in Colorado early in August the Senator offered a formal profession of faith in the following words: "I came here particularly to connect myself in the most public manner possible with the Democratic organization." The Colorado Democrats reciprocated by nominating him to succeed himself as Senator. He was first elected to the office in the wonderful year of 1876, when Colorado was admitted to the Union, and he continued a faithful, if more or less independent, champion of the principles of the Republican party until 1896, when with tears in his eyes he went out of the St. Louis convention. It is interesting to observe that, although silver has long since ceased to be a lively political issue, few of the public men who left the Republican party because it would not indorse free coinage have returned to their old allegiance. On the other hand, most of the "Gold Democrats" who bolted in 1896 have returned or are trying to get back to the fold.

Methods of German Diplomacy

By H.C. Chatfield-Taylor.

Author of "The Crimson Wing," Etc.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE TRAINING AND ABILITIES OF GERMAN DIPLOMATS WHICH WILL PROVE OF IMMEDIATE INTEREST TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC—AND WHICH ARE RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED TO THE STATE DEPARTMENT—IN THE POSSIBLE EVENT OF A CONTROVERSY ARISING BETWEEN THE NATION

IF AN American merchant wished to sell goods in a South American country he would send as his agent a man who spoke Spanish and understood the customs and character of the people; but when the American Government wishes to negotiate business of state with a foreign nation it will, in all probability, send as its representative a man who has no previous knowledge of the language or customs of the country to which he is accredited. "C'est beau, mais ce n'est pas la guerre," as a French general remarked of the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. In other words, it is a blunder for a practical nation like ourselves not to be represented abroad by practical men trained in the art and methods of diplomacy. And this is not always the case.

As the first evidence of the qualification of the German Ambassador and his staff for the work in hand it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that there is not a single member of the embassy who does not possess a thorough and practical knowledge of the English language. But a knowledge of foreign languages is merely one of the many qualifications required of a young German who aspires to enter the Imperial diplomatic service.

Seventeen years of systematic study to attain the rank of Secretary of Legation. Think of it! If the young American with political influence sufficient to obtain the envied post of Secretary of Embassy, or Legation, would stop to realize how ill prepared he is to cope with his foreign colleagues he might consider diplomacy more of a public trust and less of a "private snap"; he might, at least, stop to ask himself if he is qualified to act as the responsible secretary for a great nation in its negotiations with a foreign country, where those with whom he must come in contact have been especially trained in the art of diplomacy. The requirements of the German diplomatic service may give some idea of what this training means.

HOW THE GERMAN DIPLOMAT IS TRAINED

There are three ways in which a candidate may enter the German service. I shall present the most usual first. The training begins at the age of nine, when the German boy enters the Gymnasium—not a place for physical exercise, but a school more comparable to the English public schools like Eton and Harrow than to any in this country. The Gymnasium course occupies nine years, and as it leads to the university, is the path to all professional careers. The discipline is severe and the course of study hard, so that when the young aspirant for diplomatic honors enters the university he is possessed of a sound groundwork in the classics and mathematics. The university course occupies three years, and after the candidate has passed the "referendar" examination, the real training for the diplomatic service begins; as he then enters upon his career as an attaché of the Interior Department. For four years he remains in this department, studying German governmental and economical problems, so that, when at the end of that time he passes his "assessor" examination and enters the Foreign Office, he is thoroughly conversant with the work and policy of his own government. A year is then spent in the Foreign Office at Berlin, where the candidate gains a knowledge of diplomatic methods and procedure, and at the end of that time he is given three months in which to prepare for his final examination. This examination is held in French, the language of diplomacy, and when successfully passed the candidate attains, at last, the rank of Secretary of Legation, and his career as a diplomat begins.

The second method of entering the service is the same as the first until the candidate has finished his university course; then, instead of entering the Interior Department, he becomes an attaché of the Foreign Office for the period of one year, after which he is sent abroad as an attaché of an embassy or legation for a year's service without pay. When this foreign service is finished, he obtains a year's leave of absence to prepare for his final examinations. These examinations, being both written and oral, are very severe, and are designed as a test of the candidate's fitness for his chosen profession. One of the written examinations, that in history, is held in the French language, while those in political economy and international law take place in German. The candidate is likewise examined orally in the above subjects by a commission consisting of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Personalien-Rath, and three others; among whom are the Under-Secretary of State for Public Works and a prominent university professor. If this examination is satisfactorily passed, the candidate is gazetted as Secretary of Legation.

The third manner of entering the service is very unusual and applies only to officers of the army, who being sent abroad in a diplomatic capacity without examination are permitted, after three years' service and upon passing the above examination, to exchange to the permanent Diplomatic Service. In addition to the mental acquirements and periods of service already mentioned every candidate, no matter which route he has elected to take, must pass the scrutiny of the Personalien-Rath before his name can appear upon the list of German diplomats. The functions of this official, as his name implies—the literal translation of the title being Counsellor of Personalities—is to inquire into the moral and family antecedents of each candidate. In other words, each aspirant for a diplomatic post must be a man of good moral character and acceptable family connections, with a private income sufficient to support the dignity of his office. No candidate will be accepted unless possessed of an annual income of at least

four thousand dollars, it being impossible for a German diplomat to live upon his pay in a manner befitting his station.

THE EMPEROR'S PATERNALISTIC INTEREST IN THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS

The German Diplomatic Service is Imperial—that is to say, it is open to Prussians, Bavarians, Württembergers, Saxons, or representatives of any of the confederated States of the Empire. A man may remain permanently in the service through good behavior, but his promotion depends upon his efforts and capabilities. For the higher and more desirable posts men of recognized mark are selected, so that a member of the service is kept constantly inspired to successful effort by the hope of future recognition, as he is never aware of his exact standing in the service. As in the case of officers of the army and navy, the conduct of German diplomats is under the personal scrutiny of the Emperor, and when a member of the corps wishes to marry a woman of foreign birth the permission of his Imperial Majesty must be obtained. During the Chancellorship of Bismarck German diplomats were permitted to marry abroad after having obtained the Emperor's permission, but owing to the danger of German diplomats being influenced by their foreign wives Chancellor von Caprivi established the rule that to ask permission to marry a woman of foreign birth was tantamount to tendering a resignation. Later, however, this drastic regulation was modified by Prince Hohenlohe, so that at present a German diplomat may marry abroad upon obtaining the Emperor's consent.

The German Diplomatic and Consular Services are entirely separate, although both are under the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. There are, however, four consular posts which are invariably filled by a diplomat of the rank of First Secretary of the Embassy, namely, the consul-generalships at Cairo, Calcutta, Buda-Pesth, and Sofia, the reason for this being that all these posts are of a semi-diplomatic nature. Some nations use the term Diplomatic Agent for the representative accredited to a country whose ruler acknowledges the suzerainty of another monarch, but Prince Bismarck denied the existence of such a title; hence the German representatives at Cairo, etc., are consuls-general, although such posts are invariably filled by members of the diplomatic service. For a first secretary of embassy to be gazetted at such a post is in the line of promotion, so the recent newspaper gossip to the effect that Baron von Sternberg, lately first Secretary in Washington, had been sent to Calcutta as a reprimand is untrue. In fact, I remember to have seen, a year or so ago, an official statement of his promotion from Washington to Calcutta.

It is and has for many years been the policy of the German Emperor to promote the welfare of his people by every means in his power, and, astute statesman as he is, he realizes the value of a policy of "peace on earth and good-will toward men." He has reigned for fourteen years, yet during that period the sword of Germany has never been unsheathed except with the allied nations in China. His reign has marked an epoch of German development and expansion, and under his wise statesmanship Germany, while maintaining her military position, has entered boldly into competition with England and the United States for the commercial supremacy of the world.

Peace is the only policy for a commercial people, but in time of peace prepare for war; so Germany's army and navy constitute her fire apparatus—always ready, but to be used only in case of danger. In fourteen years Emperor William II. has never taken a warlike step. His every move has been toward the welding together of his nation into a homogeneous whole; while his ideals, although not in accordance with our own because based upon the monarchical principle, are in every sense sincere and patriotic. During the first ten years of his grandfather's reign Germany fought three wars, one of them the greatest international conflict of modern times, and meanwhile the map of Europe was torn into shreds. To the popular mind, the Emperor William II. has stood as a symbol of the God of War—the man on horseback ready to lead his armed battalions forth to conquer; but, after fourteen years of a consistent policy, why should he not be symbolized as the God of Peace? Since 1861 Germany has fought three wars, all during the reign of William the First. When thinking of the warlike character of the present Emperor it might be well to remember that we, a peaceful nation, have in a like period fought our three wars, and that one of them is still unfinished.

GERMANY WANTS PEACE, NOT WAR

To understand German diplomatic methods it is necessary to appreciate the policy of the present Emperor. That seems to me to be animated solely by a desire for peace and industrial development. If a ruler is bent upon war, his diplomatic representatives abroad will shape their policy to that end; but if peace is his desire, their work will be to create a friendly feeling among the nations of the world. Could there have been any other motive in the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia

WHOSE INTEGRITY IS BASED ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND THE FATHERLAND OF MANY MILLIONS OF GERMAN-AMERICANS, WHOSE AMBITION IS TO LIVE TO SEE A CLOSER BOND OF UNION BETWEEN TWO GREAT NATIONS OF PROGRESSIVE CIVILIZATION, AFFILIATED BY THE ARTS AND SCIENCES AND COMMERCE.

the United States than a desire to knit more closely the friendship of two nations already allied by many ties of kinship and industry? Certainly the German Emperor is too capable a statesman to imagine that we would depart from our traditional policy of non-alliance with foreign powers or modify our creed of "Hands off" as regards the Western Hemisphere.

Within the short period of a hundred years Germany has arisen from a mass of disjointed petty States writhing beneath a conqueror's oppression to the position of a united world power of the first magnitude. In the welding of a German nation three great statesmen have played a pre-eminent part—Baron Stein, Prince Bismarck, and Emperor William II. Each represents an epoch in the national development and each has been the guiding spirit of a period of German diplomacy. Stein arose in the darkest hour of German history to inspire a nation with the desire for freedom and sow the seeds of German unity; Bismarck came after a period of reaction to compass the ideals of Stein. The problem which confronted the Iron Chancellor was first to win for Prussia the supremacy of Germany itself and then to unify the disjointed German States. In the furtherance of this dual policy two powers opposed him—Austria and France. To accomplish his great ends, three wars were necessary. Austria disputed with Prussia the supremacy of Germany, so Bismarck sought, in the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, the means of provoking the inevitable war with her, at a moment when he knew that Prussia was the better prepared for hostilities. When Austria was humbled and the Peace of Prague signed he took up the greater task, which was the unification of Germany. Napoleon the Third opposed his plans, and war with France became inevitable; but with the successful termination of the Franco-German War the German people stood a united nation under the rule of its master. His great task was accomplished. We may criticize his methods, but we cannot deny his patriotism; he had refounded the German Empire, he had created a nation.

With the signing of the Peace of Versailles a new problem confronted the German nation—the problem of national development. Questions of internal policy arose, such as the adjusting of the confederated States to the new mode of government, the organization of Alsace-Lorraine as an Imperial province, the adoption of a protective policy and the colonization of Africa. The great diplomatic triumph of this period was the formation of the Triple Alliance—for the maintenance of peace in Europe—an alliance which has proved eminently successful in preventing European conflict during a period of twenty years.

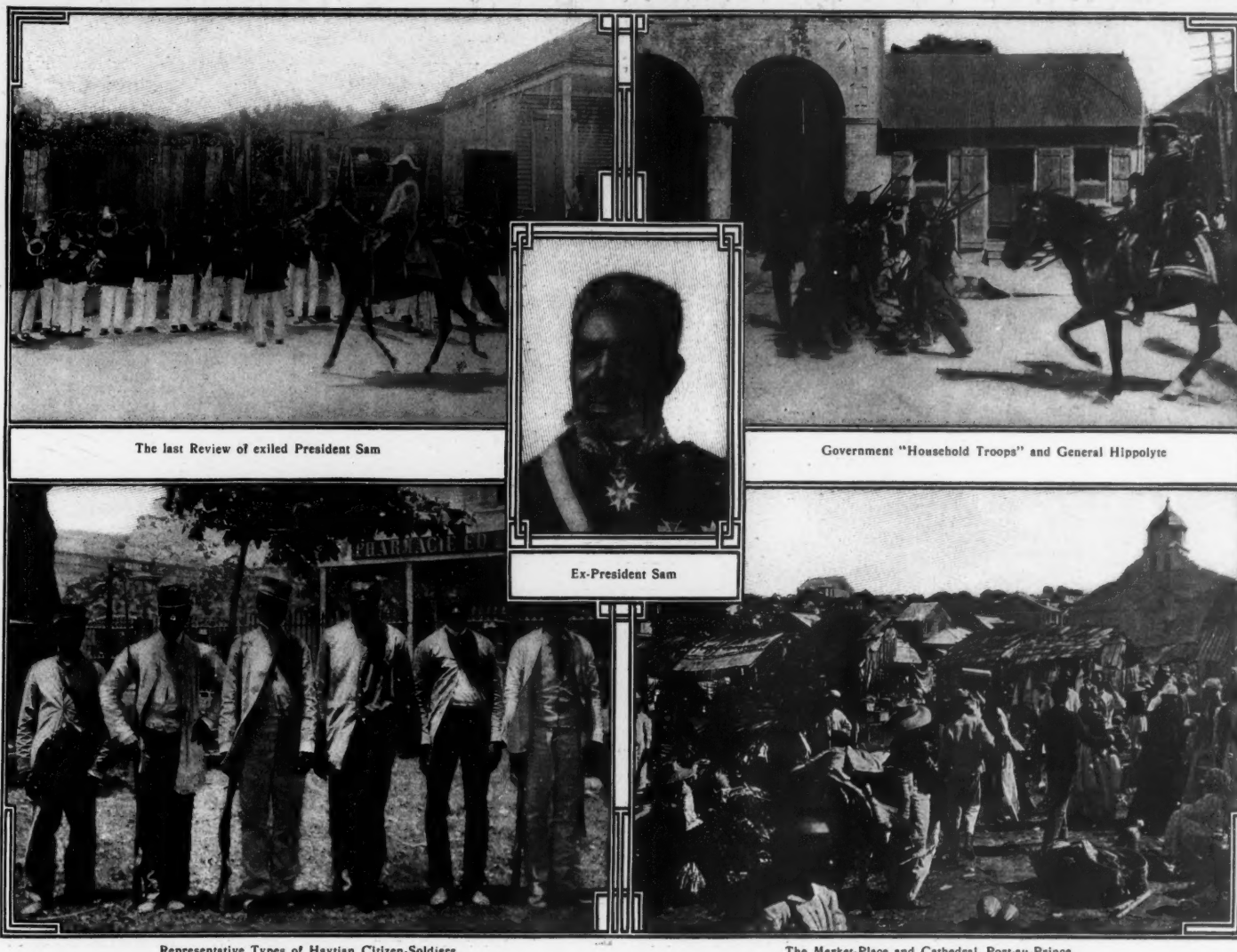
Upon the accession of the present Emperor in 1888 a new era in German development began. When the rupture with the great Chancellor occurred and the Emperor seized the reins of government himself, the political prophets predicted dire results to the peace of the world, and pictured him riding roughshod over Europe at the head of his battalions; but for fourteen years he has maintained a consistent policy of peace, and meantime the resources of his empire have developed to an amazing degree.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE EMPEROR

His illustrious grandfather possessed the rare gift of selecting men of genius as his advisers, but the Emperor William II. must have convinced even the doubters that he possesses the rarer gift of governing wisely. He surrounds himself with competent advisers, but he makes his personality felt in every branch and detail of his government. He is a statesman, and not only is his influence apparent in every question of German internal policy, but in German diplomacy as well. In developing the resources of his empire he has realized the necessity of opening markets for his country's products throughout the world; and his foreign policy can be no better described than in his own words when speaking at Hamburg over a year ago, upon the necessity of strengthening the naval forces of the empire in order to afford protection to trade over the sea. "The feeling for these things," he said, "is only slowly gaining ground in the German Fatherland, which unfortunately has spent its strength only too much in fruitless factional strife. Germans are only slowly beginning to understand the questions which are important to the whole world. The face of the world has changed greatly. What formerly required centuries is now accomplished in a few months. The task of the Kaiser and government has consequently grown beyond measure, and a solution will only be possible when the German people renounce party divisions. Standing in serried ranks behind the Kaiser, proud of their Fatherland and conscious of their real worth, the Germans must watch the development of foreign States. They must make sacrifices for their position as a world power and, abandoning party spirit, they must stand united behind their prince and emperor."

Those words seem to me to be the keynote of the Emperor's policy—the keynote of German diplomacy. In watching the development of foreign States he has seen that \$180,000,000 of German capital is invested in the railroads of the United States; that everywhere in America Germans have undertaken manufacturing. They have used German money to put up breweries, hat factories, spinning, weaving and paper mills, tanneries, dye houses, iron foundries, machine shops, etc., many of which use German machinery, not a few German labor.

If there is any hidden purpose in the German Emperor's policy toward us it certainly has not manifested itself as yet.



HAYTI'S DÉBÂCLE AND THE ISLAND'S WRECKERS

By WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

“WHEN THE Kaiser's guns are heard in the Caribbean Sea, the day of crisis for the Monroe Doctrine will have dawned.”

A distinguished diplomat, whose name, were I at liberty to give it, would certify the weight of his opinion, made this remark to me thirty days ago.

An official of legation said in my hearing at Port-au-Prince early in the present year: “If the United States Government is ever embroiled in serious international complications, it will be over this unhappy island.”

The sinking of the Haytian cruiser *Crête-à-Pierrot* by the German gunboat *Panther* in the harbor of Gonaïves, on September 6, transfixed, for a moment, the attention of the world, and caused in the United States a vague feeling of uneasiness. We are assured from Washington that the matter has no international significance, and indeed immediately it has had none, though eventually serious consequences may follow. At all events, the dramatic character of the event, the full story of which will probably never be told, arouses an interest in a land concerning which we have been curiously ignorant and fatuously indifferent. It is at last realized that a struggle cannot be regarded as altogether an *opéra bouffe* affair one of whose scenes shows a black admiral, pursued as a pirate by a European power, applying the match to the magazine and blowing himself up with his ship—“for the national honor.” And it is, moreover, dawning upon the American apprehension that a land in which European powers are eagerly interested deserves some attention from us, if affairs at our threshold are in such a case that warships must needs fight and sink each other, almost within sight of American territory.

The island of Hayti is nearly as large as Cuba. Its population is probably greater. It is one of the most beautiful countries on earth, while in productiveness and natural wealth of every description it far surpasses its sister isle. All tropical fruits and spices flourish; its tobacco is excellent; its coffee, Belgium and France esteem the best that grows; its cacao alone would enrich a nation; its forests are capable of yielding immense quantities of rubber; the finest mahogany grows there, and other rare woods are plentiful; the precious metals, with copper, platinum, mercury, manganese, antimony, sulphur, asphaltum, salt, and phosphates, abound.

There is probably no land on earth of equal area possessed of equal natural wealth. For two centuries it was the richest colony in the New World, pouring inexhaustible riches into the treasuries of Spain and France. Columbus, Napoleon and Cromwell considered it worth all the rest of America. Magnificent estates dotted its savannahs, mighty engineering works covered its plains, its mountains were pierced by innumerable mines, and its harbors thronged with richly laden ships.

That was in the days when Hayti was a colony, first of Spain and afterward of France. Since the revolt of the slaves and the gaining of “independence” through a series of the most bloody and brutal wars that ever raged on earth, the island has been shunned by the ships of white men, and the negroes upon it have been abandoned to their own de-

vices. Innumerable half-savage chieftains have wrestled for authority in it. In the eastern and less populous portion of the island—that portion which is called Santo Domingo, where Spanish is spoken—something like a settled government has been established, though a revolution has broken out there within the year. In the western, French-speaking and principal portion—in Hayti proper—continuous revolutions have decimated the population, devastated the land and wrecked the cities, while the state of society has drifted back until to-day it is a close approximation to primitive African savagery.

The story of Hayti's wrecking is one of the most sanguinary, as it is one of the most lamentable, chapters in human history. It is decorated with the names of the monster Desalines, the arch-brute Christophe, the inhuman tyrant Soulouque, and relieved by that alone of Toussaint L'Ouverture. It is the story of the extinction of two populations and civilizations, and the horrible degeneration of a third. Where the white man had exterminated the Carib, the African slaughtered the European, and now fights his own fierce battles in a land soaked with the blood of all.

The present troubles began with the present year, in a conspiracy against the government of Simon Sam. The revolution which drove Sam into exile broke out in April, in the south of the island, but was really organized by agitators—chief among them Antenor, Firmin and General Alexandre du Nord—in the north, from which latter quarter all successful revolutions, by national tradition and belief, must come. The outbreak at Jacmel, which was inspired in order to weaken the President at the capital, accomplished its purpose sooner than the leaders had expected. They were not ready to reap the fruits. Sam fled, leaving the capital in a state of anarchy. But the leaders there were at least able to agree on one thing, namely, that the northern patriots should not be permitted to enter Port-au-Prince peacefully.

An army was organized at Cape Haytien in Firmin's interest, and marched under command of Du Nord some distance toward Port-au-Prince, taking possession of the cities of Port de Paix, St. Marc and Gonaïves. Successive provisional governments rose and fell at Port-au-Prince, one under Boisrand-Canal finally attaining some degree of permanence. The Boisrand-Canal group sent out overtures to the advancing Firmin army, and the latter consented to a composite provisional government in which the various factions should be recognized, du Nord representing the Firmin cause as Secretary of War. The army of revolution was disbanded.

Du Nord no sooner found himself in command of the Nationales—some five or six thousand *sans-coulottes*, armed, however, with good rifles, Mausers and Lee-Metfords—than he threw aside all pretence of submission to Firmin and assumed chief authority. Boisrand-Canal remained nominally provisional President, but Du Nord exercised the real power. He appeared June 20 at Cape Haytien with three thousand men, and fought a battle in the streets with Firmin's followers.

Admiral Killick, in command of the navy, had declared for

Firmin in May and sailed for the north in the *Crête-à-Pierrot*, the chief and only effective vessel of the navy. During the fighting at Cape Haytien, Killick landed a body of marines with a Gatling gun and brought Firmin safely to the ship. Cape Haytien remained in Du Nord's possession. Firmin found new generals in Jean Jumeau, Emil Gaspard, Therese Monfiston and Albert Salvave, and raised a new army in the north.

The war is, therefore, a contest between the original instigator of the revolution and the lieutenant who betrayed him in the hour of success. Its progress has been indecisive. The capital, Port-au-Prince, and the chief northern port, Cape Haytien, remain in the power of Boisrand-Canal and Du Nord. The province of Artibonite has declared for Firmin, and he has set up at Gonaïves “The Provisional Government of Artibonite and the Northwest.” The forces of Du Nord have been repeatedly defeated in the north by Generals Salvave and Jumeau, and appear now to have retired to Port-au-Prince, leaving a number of guns and much munitions of war. The *Crête-à-Pierrot* was of great assistance to Firmin.

The city of Petit Goâve, twenty miles to the south, was in August the scene of fierce fighting, in the course of which it was burned to the ground. On August 22, the Boisrand-Canal-Du Nord party seized coal in transit to the *Crête-à-Pierrot* on the Cuban steamer *Lauenberg*. Admiral Killick in like manner stopped the German steamer *Markomannia*, and took off munitions of war consigned to Port-au-Prince. This act on the part of the Firminists very soon had its sequel. The German gunboat *Panther* had arrived at Port-au-Prince September 6, bringing out the new commander of the Caribbean Station. She left at two o'clock the following morning, cleared for action, under instructions to capture the *Crête-à-Pierrot*. The cruiser was found at her moorings in the harbor of Gonaïves. Captain Eckermann demanded the surrender of the *Crête-à-Pierrot* and the disembarkment of the crew within fifteen minutes. The flag was struck and the crew disembarked, but Killick remained on board and, with his own hand, fired the after magazine, which exploded. The *Panther* opened fire on the burning ship and her solitary commander, and in half an hour she sank with the admiral on board.

Admiral Killick's behavior in refusing to fight the German ship, for which the *Crête-à-Pierrot* was a fair match, then of blowing himself up with the latter, has been ridiculed as an inconceivable mixture of cowardice and emotional vanity. Possibly it was the act of a brave man, unwilling either to array against his chief the overwhelming power of Germany or to surrender his trust. The temptation to fight must have been great. Killick had nothing to lose, and even in defeat would have made something of a stir in history. It is idle to assume that the *Crête-à-Pierrot* was not in fighting condition. When the writer was aboard her early in the year her guns were not only bright, but were well oiled, and her crew were the best disciplined men I saw in Hayti. Indeed, her captain and the admiral's flag-lieutenant were respectively

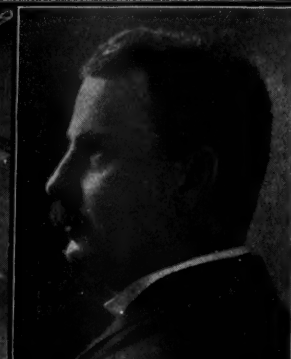
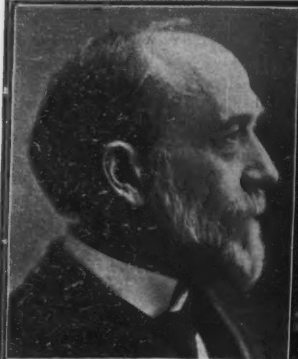
THE NEW YORK CONVENTION AT SARATOGA

Senator Platt

Copyright by Rockwood, New York

Hon. Frank W. Higgins

Governor Odell



The Convention Crowd listening to Chauncey Depew

Looking toward the Platform of the Convention

The Republican State Convention, held at Saratoga during the week of September 22, witnessed a surprising move in its usual cut-and-dried round. Governor Odell forced Senator Platt to withdraw G. R. Sheldon, an alleged trust sympathizer, and substituted Frank W. Higgins for Lieutenant-Governor

a Scotchman and an Englishman of the British Royal Naval Reserves. The devotion of the ship's company to the commander was evident. Killick's was a daring and picturesque figure, essentially histrionic, yet with poise and sanity.

The sinking of the *Crête-à-Pierrot* involves no immediate international complications. Had she been in commission at the hands of a recognized government, it might have been otherwise, even though the recognition of the Port-au-Prince government is by a mere convenient fiction, the country being, in fact, in hopeless anarchy. M. Firmin is the shrewdest man in Hayti and one of the most decent. He was Hippolyte's Minister of Foreign Affairs, and resisted with remarkable skill the efforts of the United States, through Admiral Gherardi and Fred Douglass, to secure in 1889 a concession for a naval station at Môle St. Nicholas. He was in Sam's Cabinet, and more recently was Plenipotentiary at Paris.

Such is the political situation in Hayti to-day. At the best of times, nothing resembling the order of a settled and civilized state exists. Miscalled a republic, it is in fact purely a military despotism. What we know as a government—carrying on public enterprises, fostering trade, manufacturing, the arts, education, fashioning the activities of citizens into an orderly scene—is entirely remote from the Haytian imagination. Aside, perhaps, from thirty post-offices and eleven custom-houses, the abodes of continuous and total corruption, and a paper school system of entire ineptitude, the only public service is the army—a corps of licensed thieves. Life is cheap. Every Haytian carries a

cocoacacque and a pistol or a dirk, and the preservation of life and personal rights is relegated to the individual.

In a territory three times as large as Massachusetts and Connecticut, there is not a mile of railway, nor, outside of Port-au-Prince, a mile of highway which a civilized person would recognize as a respectable cow-path. And yet in the midst of the jungle one stumbles over the mighty stones of aqueducts, bridges and lordly estates of another day. Traces of ancient roads, wide and graded, appear occasionally where now goats and donkeys pass with difficulty. The national dwelling is a palm-thatched hut of wattles smeared with mud. The towns are collections of ramshackle cabins, with a few substantial brick and stone houses in the larger cities. Without exception, the cities are filthy to a degree beyond description or belief.

The state of the people is the most degraded on earth in any land that pretends to civilization. Polygamy, or rather plural cohabitation, is the rule. A patriarch in the hills has as many wives as he can induce to live in his hut and work for him—often a dozen. Marriage is known only in the larger cities. The religion is nominally Roman Catholic, but, in spite of the efforts of faithful priests, is so perverted by African superstition as to be unrecognizable as Christianity. "Vaudooism" is the real religion of the people. Every night, throughout the length and breadth of the land, Vaudoo feasts are held, and frenzied savages dance in forests round altars upon which serpents are enthroned and before which children are frequently slain—and eaten. I am speaking of the year of our Lord 1902, and of what in that year, with great

reluctance, I was compelled to accept as convincing proof. The sway of Vaudooism over Hayti cannot easily be imagined.

Boisrand-Canal has been President; his rule was one of great disorder. Du Nord is the ferocious African type. Firmin has been the hope of the small respectable element; should he succeed, it is unlikely that he would be able to do anything for the country or even to long maintain himself. Of the nineteen Presidents who have ruled Hayti, two (Desalines and Salnave) were shot; two (Petion and Riché) were poisoned; one (Christophe) was driven to suicide; nine (Boyer, Rivière, Soulouque, Geffrard, Domnigue, Boisrand-Canal, Salomon, Legitime, and Sam) fled; two (Pierrot and Nissage-Saget) were forced to abdicate, and one (Hippolyte) died in office suddenly and it was at the time said by poison. Not one ever served out his legal term.

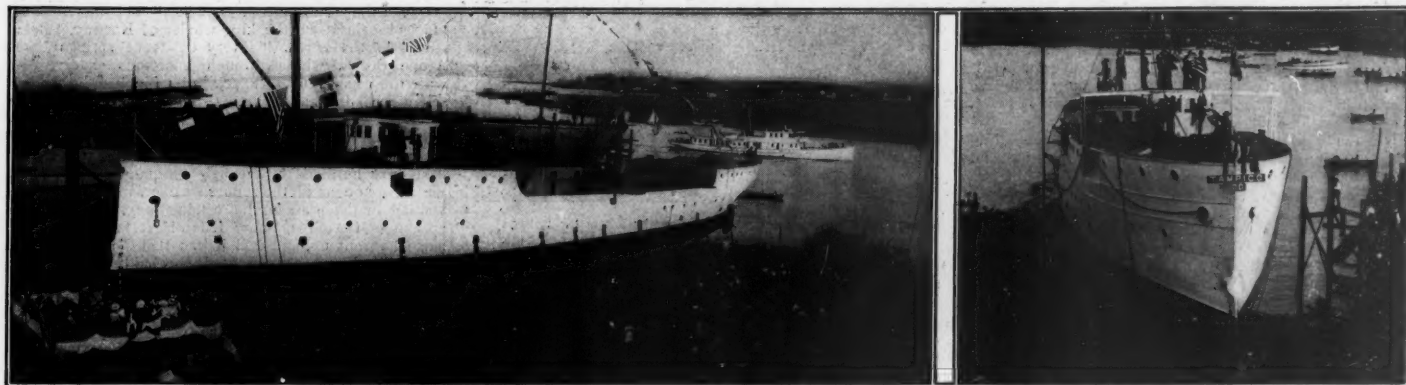
For years this black man's land has been steadily deteriorating in its hermit-like existence. To-day its case is so utterly wretched and desperate that it is hard to understand how neighboring civilized nations can longer keep their eyes closed to a duty which they owe humanity. The physical condition of Hayti is a reproach to mankind; its moral condition is an affront to the conscience of the world. And this is the lovely island of Hispaniola, set in the midst of the busy West Indian waters, endowed with inexhaustible natural wealth and framed with inextinguishable natural beauty. Ignorant man is wrecking this marvel of nature as effectually as death-dealing Pelée has wrecked her sister island, Martinique.

THE BIG BLAZE AT THE TEXAS OIL-WELLS



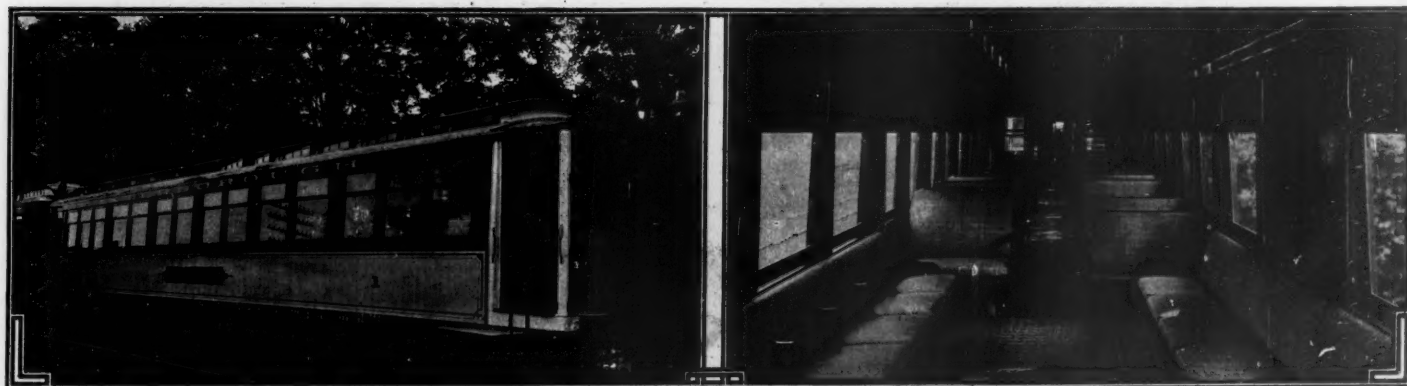
A damage reaching into the hundred thousands is the result of the fire which raged in the great oil-field at Beaumont, Texas, during Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and part of Sunday, September 11, 12, 13, and 14. Twenty derricks were burned and the wells rendered unserviceable for several weeks. The fire was caused by an unfortunate combination of laborer, whiskey and lantern. There are more than four hundred derricks on "Spindle Top Heights" in an area of about sixty-four acres. These derricks were most of them saturated with oil and they went up like tinder. The firemen and workmen turned steam from a hundred boilers on the blaze and piled dirt around all the wells and smothered all the adjoining drains with dirt; but all would have been without avail had there not come a sudden change in the wind, which saved the east end of the field. The work of rehabilitation has commenced and it will go ahead rapidly. The production of the field will soon reach the former mark.

AMERICAN-BUILT WARSHIPS FOR THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC



The gunboat-troopships "Tampico" and "Vera Cruz," built for the Republic of Mexico by the Crescent Shipyard Company, were launched at Elizabethport, N. J., on September 15. These are the first war-vessels to be built in the United States for any Central or South American Government. They are over two hundred feet long and have been specially designed to combine in one vessel a powerful fighting-ship and one of light draught for use in shallow waters.

TYPE OF THE NEW RAPID TRANSIT CARS



Exterior and interior views of the new underground "Interborough" cars to be run over the lines of the Rapid Transit Road now nearing completion.

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL



THE MEN OF THE NORTH POLE

By HENRY REUTERDAHL, Our Special Marine Artist in Norway



Captain Sverdrup

THE OPINIONS of scientific men and famous explorers as to the best means of reaching the Pole have been given time and again, and the pros and cons discussed with universal interest. With two explorers now newly returned, the question comes again to the fore. Over the Pole centre, meanwhile, no nation's flag floats in the breeze—it is still unconquered ground.

With the home-coming of a Polar expedition, the world reads its story—from the leader: only his version of it. It is not as in a naval expedition, where the subordinates forward their individual reports to be published with the commander's. He gives us his own little narrative—highly varnished, and with no knots. His subordinates—the working officers and crew, forward and in the cabin—have little or nothing to say. The work is theirs, so is their scanty pay, but not the glory. On the road to the Pole they battle for some one else; for them there is no medal for bravery on the field, no brevet rank, no distinction. These are for one—the head—and he tells no tale but of his own personal experiences. To these plain men, without half of the alphabet after their names, the Arctic is home, its currents and tracks at their fingers' ends. Born and bred there, on the edge of the slanting fiord where trees grow not, they sailed a boat before learning to spell. Their life has always been cast there; and, toiling among the ice hummocks, they have brought the Pole nearer, but with no land named in their honor.

It is in the deckhouse of the whaler rolling in the trough of the Arctic Ocean, where the midnight sun melts the horizon, or in the smoky cabin of the sealer, that you learn the real lore of the Pole-seekers, without trimmings or extras, from men who have "been there." For the inner life aboard the Polar vessel—with its incessant work, its extreme loneliness, the same faces always, where the smallest trifles unedge a man—soon brings out the leader's value. If he has not that masterly magnetic touch that holds men together and keeps them keyed up, the fate of the expedition is soon settled, and even with Bear Island just ahead, the chance of success is nil. Recent events have proved this conclusively.

While voyaging in the Arctic Ocean, cruising in a whaler or idly drifting along the coast from one port or hamlet to another, to get the hang of the northern fisheries, I have come across some of these men, and, knowing their tongue, have understood and learned.

Let it here be noted that the Norwegians, sailors and landmen alike, all think that the Pole is theirs, and that some day a Viking of Science will plant the red-and-blue cross over the coveted goal. This is easy to understand, for since time immemorial all Polar expeditions have been manned mostly by Scandinavians—men of that dogged and silent type, slow but sure. A race claiming a Nansen, an Andrée, a Nordenskjöld, a Sverdrup, may be forgiven for regarding a good slice of the frozen north as their exclusive property. In fact, but for the poverty of the country their flag might have been there long ago. There are few Mæcenases to back expeditions.



Andrée (x) at Gothenburg, just before he left in his Balloon on his fatal Voyage in search of the Pole

and when one is sent it is fitted out at a surprisingly low cost. Take the Nansen expedition, for instance: its cost was some sixty-odd thousand dollars. Compare this, and Nansen's results, with Baldwin's "cinematograph pictures of Arctic life" to the tune of four hundred thousand dollars, and with a "farthest north" of 81° 44', and, as the district doctor of Tromsø said, "Why, that is about as far north as our seal-hunters go every year, and in ordinary small vessels, too."

That Baldwin would fail was expected in Norway. In Tromsø—and Tromsø is the home of experienced Arctic voyagers—it was a foregone conclusion that he would never reach the Pole. "The crew don't mean to obey him," said an old seadog, who had spent some thirty years in the north, and participated in two Polar journeys. "How do you expect a man of small experience to find the Pole, where men trained for it have failed? It takes more than money to do it. Ja, Baldwin had enough stuff for two circuses! Instruments don't carry you—it's your nerve! Look at Nansen. Think of him leaving the *Fram* and shelter, striking out on foot. And don't you remember when he jumped from the ice into the sea and swam for that drifting kayak? That's the nerve—and he didn't come home with what you call them moving pictures, either. I suppose when you go to America you will see those pictures in some variety show—eh?" and the old man winked slyly. "Must be pretty hard to return home like this, crew in mutiny. Why, they were scrapping before he left here. You've got to be *enig* [to agree] when you go that far north. And Johansen lost his command—put him in the cabin; that's all right. Never mind whose fault. Johansen had the knowledge, not Baldwin. Had he taken the captain's advice, they might have got somewhere. Ja, it is *skammelig* [shameful]. And just think of all the money it cost!" This is what that man said, mind.

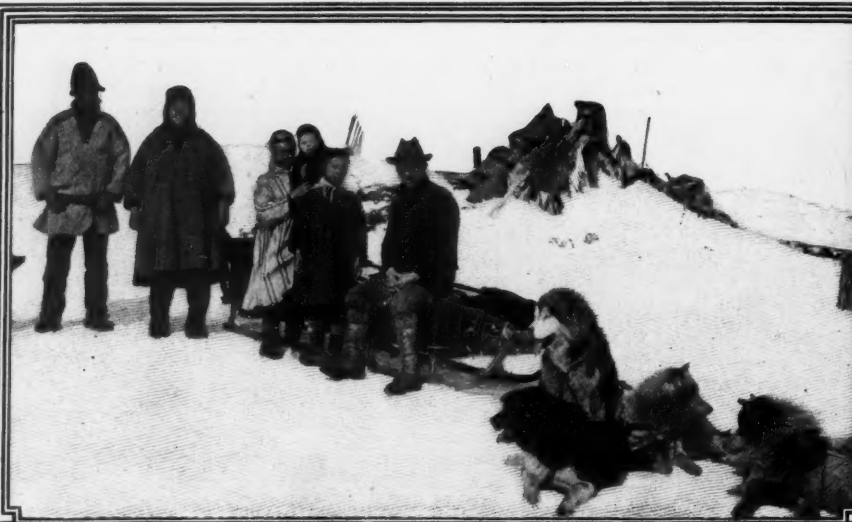
Think of Peary, that wonderful man, pushing north with his colored servant as aid—with his tenacity of purpose and courage, what would he have done with four hundred thousand dollars—and an obedient crew.

One of the most interesting and keenest characters of Arctic life is Ingebrigtsen, the king whaler of Norway. Born and reared in the north, his very existence springs from the Arctic Ocean, where through enormous energy, coupled with the sagacity and "kuack" of a Yankee, he made himself a second Svend Foyn. (Svend Foyn was the father of modern Norwegian steam whaling, placing it on a permanent commercial basis.) Six feet three, with shoulders like an ox, and a pair of kindly blue eyes under heavy brows, Ingebrigtsen looked, as he stood by the harpoon gun, swinging his body with the motions of the rolling steamer, like a Viking of old, waiting in the prow for his coming prey. "Yes," he said, speaking of Andrée, "poor fellow! It is some years now since he went up, and well it was that he took my advice, after all. You see, he wanted *Norskou* [Norwegian Island] for a starting-place, but I convinced him that the wind conditions of *Danskou* [Danish Island, both belonging to Spitzbergen] were better, and from there he left. It is my belief that he didn't want to go on that trip—he was forced to it by the public. Oh, the winds were against him. Yes, he was afraid of a second return to Sweden—poor devil! I advised him to wait, and had he done so he would in 1899 have had the winds galore, and fine southerly winds, too."

Looking grave, the big Norseman, this time in the wheel-



Walrus Hunter



Types of Laplanders and a "Passenger and Freight" Dog-sled in the Frozen North



A Laplander "Lady"

A RECORD-BREAKING PASSENGER LINER



The "Kronprinz Wilhelm" now divides the wreath with the big Hamburg liner "Deutschland"—one holds the west-bound and the other the east-bound record for speed in crossing the Atlantic. While it does not pay directly to break the ocean record, the managers of the steamship companies believe that it is indirectly profitable. Fast ships are run on the principle of fast trains—they attract public attention and interest

house, holding his vessel against a nor'easter that swept a fine spray up into our faces, continued: "No whale in this weather. But, to go back to Andrée. He was drowned about three days after his ascent—that's my figuring. Yes, I feel sure of it. Somewhere between Franz Josef's and Kong Karl's land, about 47 longitude. An Archangel trader—I don't remember his name—saw the balloon floating in the water off the northern coast of the Kola peninsula—yes, a few weeks after the ascension. Well, you look surprised? Of course, you don't know—few people do. You see, the trader, stupid as all Russians are, took the balloon for a whale's carcass. It is of like color—the long ridges of the whale's belly make it at a distance look like the network of a balloon. You understand, the small whaler, who has no towboat, lets his catch adrift—marked, of course—while chasing another whale. Every one thought Andrée was blown toward Greenland—so few paid attention to it. Sure! *Ja, det er santt* [it's true]." And with a shrug of his broad shoulders, Ingebrigtsen went forward again to take his station by the gun, a giant figure against the white spray rising on either side of the bows.

I could not help thinking what the outcome would be were a scientist-explorer to join hands with a man of Ingebrigtsen's

Copyright Stereoscopic Photograph by Underwood & Underwood



Dr. Thomas S. Dedrick (x) of the Peary Expedition

experience, who knows the Arctic as well as a Gloucester man knows the Grand Banks.

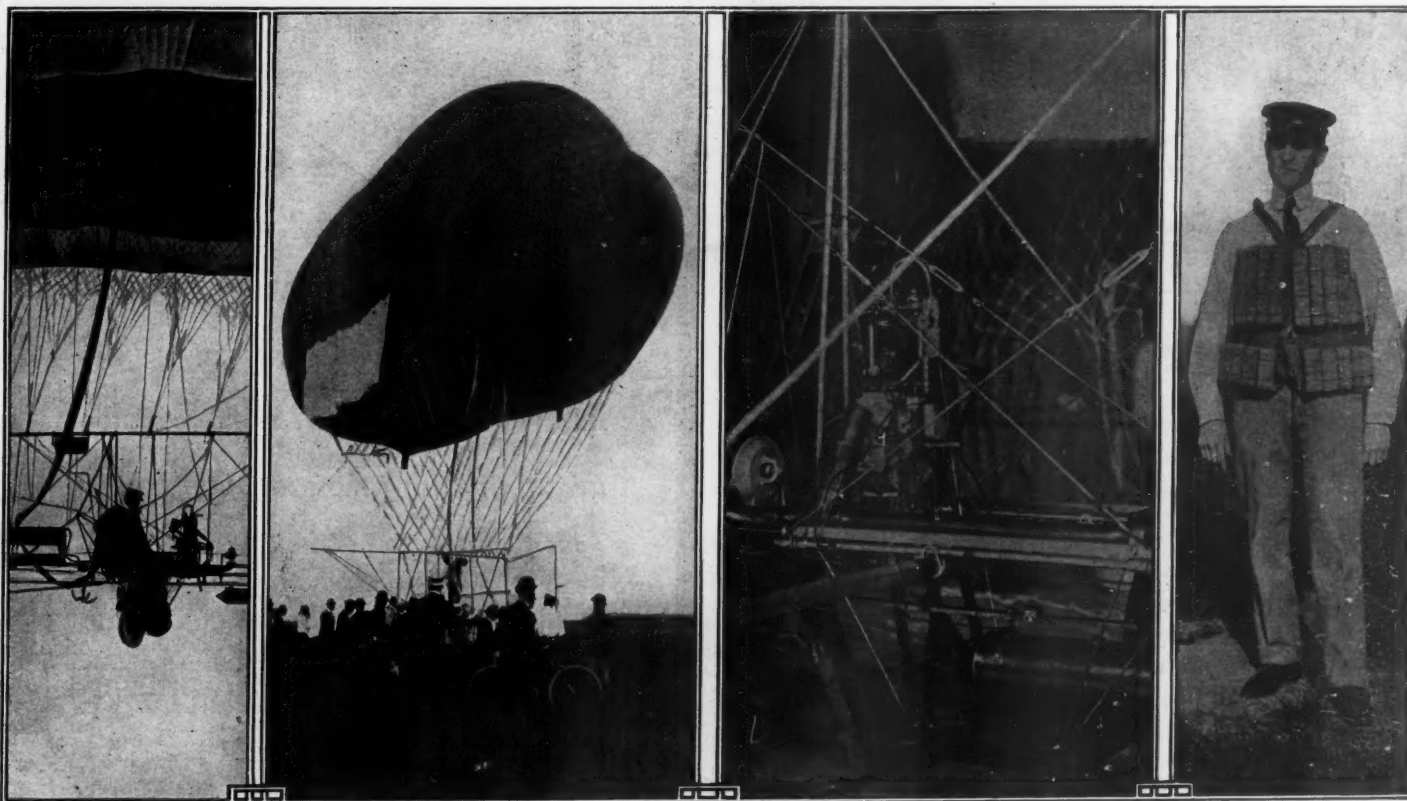
The greatest name, in the eyes of the people above the Arctic Circle, is Sverdrup, now in the frozen north for four and a half years past.*

Imagine the moral courage and strength requisite to hold sixteen men together with but one purpose, imprisoned in the ice, living on thoughts of the past, with little hope for the future! Upon the death of his surgeon in the first year, instead of returning, as most leaders would have done, his spirit held him to the north like the needle to the Pole. As the story goes, Sverdrup was Nansen's real mainstay during their trip across Greenland, and on him rested the duty of piloting the *Fram* back to civilization after Nansen had started on his tramp toward the Pole.

Peary for the United States, Sverdrup for Norway, stand to-day as the great figures of the Polar wastes—sons of two of the world's most enterprising, independent and democratic nations.

* Since the above was written, Sverdrup has come home, ship and men, sound and well after being frozen in one place for three years, and having obtained a large amount of scientific data.

TRIAL OF THE FIRST AMERICAN DIRIGIBLE AIRSHIP



Before a great crowd of cheering spectators the first American dirigible flying machine ascended to the height of 100 feet at Manhattan Beach, September 15. Due to an accident to the motor, the young American aeronaut, Leo Stevens, the inventor, did not succeed in propelling his airship, though he successfully demonstrated that his principle of aerial navigation is practicable. Mr. Stevens has called his construction "Pegasus." It is built of strong light steel. The big "fat-cigar" shaped silken envelope when filled with hydrogen gas has a capacity of nearly 25,000 cubic feet. The airship is propelled by a gasoline engine exerting seven and one-half horsepower, and is drawn through the air by a fan-wheel attached to the forward end



Fall & Winter 1902 1903

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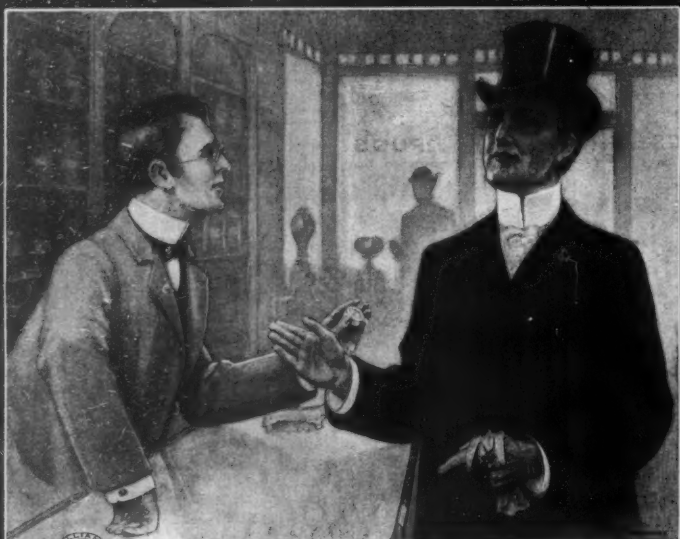


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We will send free of charge one Asbestos lined Flat-Iron Holder to any woman who will send us before November 1902 the card or bill-head of one retail grocer in her town who does not sell BEN-HUR FLOUR.

MENTION COLLIER'S

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"No, thank you! I want **WILLIAMS'** Shaving Soap. I beg your pardon, there isn't anything else 'just as good.' I have used Williams' Soap all my life and know what I am talking about. O, yes; I've tried the other kinds, but they were all failures—lather dried quickly, my face smarted, they made shaving a nightmare! Give me Williams' Soap, please; that's good enough for me."

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number will contain notable fea-
tures both in pictures and letter-
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designed a handsome cover in
three printings. Advertising
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BY

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of

"Ashes of Empire," "The Red Republic," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDRE CASTAIGNE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The narrator, Inspector Scarlett of the Imperial Military Police during the Franco-Prussian War, is ordered to arrest the Countess de Vassart and a band of socialists at her chateau, La Trappe, before they leave for the countess's house in Paradise, Morbihan. John Buckhurst, accused of having stolen a diamond crucifix belonging to Louis XI, is supposed to be among the conspirators. The inspector, while on his way to the chateau, meets a girl tending turkeys. He thinks her one of the Countess de Vassart's friends disguised as an Alsatian peasant, and despite her objections compels her to accompany him as a guide to La Trappe.

CHAPTER III

La Trappe

AT LENGTH, as we reached the summit of the sandy hill—"There is La Trappe, monsieur," said my turkey-girl, and once more stretched out her lovely arm.

There appeared to be nothing mysterious about the house or its surroundings—indeed, a sunnier and more peaceful spot would be hard to find in that land of hills, ravines and rocky woodlands, outposts of those cloudy summits soaring skyward in the south.

"And here we dismount," said I, and offered my aid.

She laid her hands on my shoulders; I swung her to the ground, where her sabots clicked and her silver neck-chains jingled in the silence.

This quarter of the world was too noiseless for me—there might have been a bird-note, a breeze to whisper, a minute stirring of unseen life—but there was not. "Is that house empty?" I asked, turning brusquely on my companion.

"The Countess de Vassart will give you your answer," she replied.

"Kindly announce me, then," I said grimly; and together we mounted the broad flight of steps to the esplanade, above which rose the gray mansion of La Trappe.

There was a small company of people gathered at a table which stood in the cool shadows of the chateau's eastern wing. Toward these people my companion directed her steps; I saw her bend close to the ear of a young girl who had already turned to look at me. At the same instant a heavily built, handsome man pushed back his chair and stood up, regarding me steadily through his spectacles, one hand grasping the back of the seat from which he had risen.

Presently the young girl to whom my companion of the morning had whispered rose gracefully and came toward me.

She was not only beautiful—she was Beauty itself, incarnate, alive, soul and body. Later I noticed that she was badly sunburned under the eyes, that her delicate nose was adorned by an adorable freckle, and that she had red hair.

Could this be the Countess de Vassart?

I stepped forward to meet her, and took off my forage-cap. "Is it true, monsieur, that you have come to arrest us?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes, madame," I replied, already knowing that she was the countess. She hesitated; then—

"Will you tell me your name? I am Madame de Vassart."

Cap in hand, I followed her to the table, where the company had already risen. The young countess presented me with undisturbed simplicity; I bowed to my turkey-girl, who proved after all to be the actress from the Odéon, Sylvia Elven; then I solemnly shook hands with Dr. Leo Delmont, Professor Claude Tavernier and Monsieur Bazard, ex-instructor at the Fontainebleau Artillery School, whom I immediately recognized as the snipe-faced notary I had met on the road.

"Well, sir," exclaimed Dr. Delmont in his deep, hearty voice, "if this peaceful little community is come under your government's suspicion, I can only say Heaven help France!"

After a troubled silence the countess asked me if I would not share their repast; and I thanked her, and took some bread and grapes and a glass of red wine.

It made me uncomfortable to play the rôle I was playing among these misguided but harmless people; that I showed it in my face is certain, for the countess looked up at me and said smilingly: "You must not look at us so sorrowfully, Monsieur Scarlett. It is we who pity you."

And I replied: "Madame, you are generous," and took my place among them, and ate and drank with them in silence, listening to the breeze in the elms.

Mademoiselle Elven, in her peasant's dress, rested her pretty arm across her chair and sighed. "It is all very well not to resist violence," she said, "but it seems to me that the world is going to run over us some day. Is there any harm in stepping out of the way, Dr. Delmont?"

The countess laughed outright. "Not at all," she said. "But we must not attempt to box the world's ears as we run—must we, doctor?" Turning her lovely, sunburned face to me, she continued: "Is it not charming here? The quiet is absolute. It is always still. We are absurdly contented here—we have no servants, you see, and we all plow and harrow and sow and reap—not many acres, because we need little. It is one kind of life, quite harmless and passionless, monsieur. I have been raking hay this morning. It is so strange that the Emperor should be troubled by the silence of these quiet fields—" The distress in her eyes lasted only a moment; she turned and looked out across the green meadows, smiling to herself. "At first when I came here from Paris," she said, "I was at a loss to know what to do with all this land. I owe much happiness to Dr. Delmont, who suggested that the estate, except what we needed, might be loaned free to the people around us. It was an admirable thought; we have no longer any poor among us—" She stopped short and gave me a quick glance: "Please understand me, Monsieur Scarlett; I make no merit of giving what I cannot use. That would be absurd."

"The world knows, madame, that you have given all you have," I said.

"Then why is your miserable government sending her into exile?" broke in Monsieur Bazard harshly.

"I will tell you," I said, surprised at his tone and manner. "The colony at La Trappe is the head and centre of a party which abhors war, which refuses resistance, which aims, peacefully perhaps, at political and social annihilation. In time of peace this colony is not a menace; in time of war it is worse than a menace, monsieur." I turned to Dr. Delmont: "With the German armies massing behind the forest borders yonder, it is unsafe for the government to leave you here at La Trappe, doctor. You are too neutral."

"You mean that the government fears treason?" demanded the doctor, growing red and rising to his feet.

"Yes," I said—"if you insist."

The young countess, too, had risen in her earnestness and had laid one slender, sun-tanned hand upon the table. "War?" she said; "what is this war to us? The Emperor? What is he to us?—we who have set a watch on the world's outer ramparts, guarding the white banner of universal brotherhood! What is this war to us?"

"Are you not a native of France?" I asked bluntly.

"I am a native of the world, monsieur."

"Do you mean to say that you care nothing for your own birth-land?" I demanded sharply.

"I love the world—all of it—every inch; and if France is part of the world, so is this Prussia that we are teaching our poor peasants to hate."

"Madame," said I, "the women of France to-day think differently. Our Creator did not make love of country a trite virtue, but a passion, and set it in our bodies along with our other passions. If in you it is absent, that concerns pathology, not the police!"

There was a silence. Then in a low voice I placed them under formal arrest, one by one, touching each lightly on the shoulder as prescribed by the Code; and when I came to the countess, she rose, without embarrassment. I moved my lips, and stretched out my arm, barely touching her. I heard Bazard draw a deep breath. She was my prisoner.

"I must ask you to prepare for a journey," I said. "You have your own horses, of course?"

Without answering, Dr. Delmont walked away toward the stables; Professor Tavernier followed him, head bent.

"We shall want very little," said the countess calmly, to Mademoiselle Elven; "will you pack up what we need?"

And you, Monsieur Bazard, will you be good enough to go to Trois-Feuilles and hire old Brauer's carriage?" Turning

to me she said: "I must ask for a little delay; I have no longer a carriage of my own. We keep two horses to plow and draw grain; they can be harnessed to the farm wagon for our effects."

Monsieur Bazard's hectic visage flushed; he gave me a crazy stare, and, for a moment, I fancied there was murder in his bright eyes. Doubtless, however, devotion to his creed of non-resistance conquered the impulse, and he walked quickly away across the meadows, his skeleton hands clinched under his loose sleeves.

Mademoiselle Elven also departed, tip-tap! up the terrace in her coquettish wooden shoes, leaving me alone with the countess under the trees.

"Madame," said I, "before I affix the government seals to the doors of your house I must ask you to conduct me to the roof of the east wing."

She bent her head in acquiescence. I followed her up the terrace, into a stone hall where the dark Flemish pictures stared back at me and my spurred heels jingled in the silence. Up, up, and still up, winding around a Gothic spiral, then through a passage under the battlements and out across the slates with wind and setting sun in my face and the sighing treetops far below.

Without glancing at me, the countess walked to the edge of the leads and looked down along the sheer declivity of the stone façade. Slender, exquisite, she stood there, a lonely shape against the sky; and I saw the sun glowing on her burnished red-gold hair, and her sunburned hands, half unclosed, hanging at her side.

South, north and west the mountains towered, purple as the bloom on October grapes; the white arm of the semaphore on the Pigeonnier was tinted with rose color; green velvet clothed the world, under a silver veil.

In the north a spark of white fire began to flicker on the crest of Mount Tonnerre. It was the mirror of a heliograph flashing out across leagues of gray-green hills to the rocky pulpit of the Pigeonnier.

I unsung my glasses and levelled them. The shining arm of the semaphore fell to a horizontal position and remained rigid; down came the signal flags, up went a red globe and two cones. Another string of flags blossomed along the belling halliards; the white star flashed twice on Mount Tonnerre and went out.

Instantly I drew a flag from my pouch, tied it to the point of my sabre, and stepped out along the projecting snout of a gargoyles. Below, under my feet, the treetops rustled in the wind.

I had been flagging the Pigeonnier vigorously for ten minutes without result, when suddenly a dark dot appeared on the tower beneath the semaphore; then another. My glasses brought out two officers, one with a flag; and, still watching them through the binoculars, I signalled slowly, using my free hand: "This is La Trappe. Telegraph to Morsbronn that the Inspector of Imperial Police requires a peloton of mounted gendarmes at once."

It may have been half a minute before I saw two officers advance to the railing of the tower and signal: "Attention, La Trappe!"

Pencil and pad on my knee, I managed to use my field-glasses and jot down the message: "Peloton of mounted gendarmes goes to you as soon as possible. Repeat." I repeated, then raised my glasses. Another message came by flag: "Attention, La Trappe. Uhlans reported near the village of Trois-Feuilles; have you seen them?"

Prussian uhlans! Here in the rear of our entire army! Nonsense! I signalled a vigorous: "No! Have you?"

To which came the disturbing reply: "Be on your guard. We are ordered to display the semaphore at danger. Report is credited at headquarters. Repeat."

I repeated. Raising my glasses again, I could plainly see a young officer, an unlighted cigar between his teeth, jotting down our correspondence, while the other officer, who had flagged me, furled up his flags and laid them aside, yawning and stretching himself to his full height.

The Countess de Vassart had come up to where I was standing on the gargoyles, balanced over the gulf below. Very cautiously I began to step backward, for there was not room to turn around. "Would you care to look at the Pigeonnier, madame?" I asked, glancing at her over my shoulder.

"I beg you will be careful," she said. "It is a useless risk to stand out there."



THE MAIDS OF PARADISE



I had never known the dread of great heights which many people feel, and I laughed and stepped backward, expecting to land on the parapet behind me. But the point of my scabbard struck against the battlements, forcing me outward. I stumbled, staggered, and swayed a moment, striving desperately to recover my balance; I felt my gloved fingers slipping along the smooth face of the parapet; my knees gave way with horror. Then my fingers clutched something—an arm, and I swung back slap! against the parapet, hanging to that arm with all my weight. A terrible effort, and I planted my boots on the leads and looked up with sick eyes into the eyes of the countess.

"Can you stand it?" I groaned, clutching her arm with my other hand.

"Yes—don't be afraid," she said calmly. "Draw me toward you; I cannot draw you over."

"Press your knees against the battlements," I gasped. She bent one knee and wedged it into a niche. "Don't be afraid; you are not hurting me," she said with a ghastly smile.

I raised one hand and caught her shoulder; then, drawn forward, I seized the parapet in both arms and vaulted to the slate roof.

A fog seemed to blot my eyes; I shook from hair to heel, and laid my head against the solid stone while the blank, throbbing seconds passed. The countess stood there, shocked and breathless. I saw her sleeve in rags, and the snowy skin all bruised beneath.

I tried to thank her; we both were badly shaken, and I do not know that she even heard me. Her heavy hair had sagged to her white neck; she twisted it up with unsteady fingers and turned away. I followed slowly, back through the dim galleries; and presently she seemed to remember my presence and waited for me as I felt my way along the passage.

"Every little shadow is a yawning gulf," I said; "my nerve is gone, madame. The banging of my own sabre scares me." I strove to speak lightly, but my voice trembled, and so did hers when she said, "High places always terrify me; something below seems to draw me. Did you ever have that dreadful impulse to sway forward into a precipice?"

There was a subtle change in her voice and manner, something almost friendly in her gray eyes as she looked curiously at me when we came into the half-light of an inner gallery.

What irony lurks in blind chance!—that I should owe this woman my life—this woman whose home I had come to confiscate, whose friends I had arrested, who herself was now my prisoner destined to the shame of exile!

"Madame," I said slowly, "your courage and your goodness to me have made my task a heavy one. Can I lighten it for you in any manner?"

She turned toward me, almost timidly: "Could I go to Morsbronn before—before I cross the frontier? I have a house there; there are a few things I would like to take—" She stopped short, seeing, doubtless, the pain of refusal in my face. "But after all it does not matter; I suppose your orders are formal?"

"Yes, madame."

"Then it is a matter of honor?"

"A soldier is always on his honor; a soldier's daughter will understand that."

"I understand," she said.

We had stopped by a mutual impulse at the head of the stone stairway.

"Why do you shelter such a man as John Buckhurst?" I asked abruptly.

She raised her eyes to me with perfect composure. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I have come here from Paris to arrest him."

She bent her head thoughtfully and laid the tips of her fingers on the sculptured balustrade. "To me," she said, "there's no such thing as a political crime."

"It is not for a political crime that we want John Buckhurst," I said, watching her. "It is for a civil outrage."

Her face was like marble; her hands tightened on the fretted carving. "What crime is he charged with?" she asked, without moving.

"He is charged with being a common thief," I said.

Now there was color enough in her face—and to spare—for the blood-stained neck and cheek and even the bare shoulder under the torn robe burned pink. "It is brutal to make such a charge!" she said; "it is shameful"—her voice quivered—"it is not true! Monsieur, give me your word of honor that the government means what it says and nothing more!"

"Madame," I said, "I give my word of honor that no political crime is charged against that man!"

"Will you pledge me your honor that if he answers satisfactorily to that false charge of theft the government will let him go free?"

"I will take it upon myself to do so," said I. "But what in Heaven's name is this man to you, madame? He is a militant anarchist, whose creed is not yours, whose propaganda teaches merciless violence, whose programme is terror! He is well known in the faubourgs—Belville is his; and in the Château Rouge he has pointed across the river to the rich quarters, calling it the promised land! Yet here, at La Trappe, where your creed is peace and non-resistance, he is welcomed and harbored, he is deferred to, he is made executive head of a free commune which he has turned into a despotism . . . for his own ends!"

She was gazing at me with dilated eyes, hands holding tight to the balustrade.

"Did you not know that?" I asked, astonished.

"No," she said.

"You are not aware that John Buckhurst is the soul and centre of the Belville Reds?"

"It is . . . it is false," she stammered.

"No, madame, it is true. He wears a smug mask here; he has deceived you all."

She stood there, breathing rapidly, her head high. "John Buckhurst will answer for himself," she said steadily.

"When, madame?"

For answer she stepped across the hall and laid one hand against the blank stone wall. Then reaching upward, she drew from between the ponderous blocks little strips of steel, colored like mortar, dropping them to the stone floor, where they rang out. When she had flung away the last one, she stopped back and set her frail shoulder to the wall; instantly

a mass of stone swung silently on an unseen pivot; a yellow light streamed out; and there was a tiny chamber illuminated by a lamp, and a man just rising from his chair.

CHAPTER IV Prisoners

INSTANTLY I recognized in him the insolent priest who had confronted me on my way to La Trappe that morning—I knew him, although now he was wearing neither robe nor shovel hat, nor those square shoes too large to buckle closely over his flat insteps.

And he knew me.

He appeared admirably cool and composed, glancing at the countess for an instant with an interrogative expression; then he acknowledged my presence by bowing almost humorously.

"This is Monsieur Scarlett of the Imperial Military Police," said the countess in a clear voice, ending with that slightly rising inflection which demands an answer.

"Mr. Buckhurst," I said, "I am James Scarlett, an Inspector of Military Police, and I cannot begin to tell you what a pleasure this meeting is to me."

"I have no doubt of that, monsieur," said Buckhurst in his smooth, almost caressing tones. "It, however, inconveniences me a great deal to cross the frontier to-day—even in your company—otherwise I should have surrendered with my confrères."

"But there is no question of your crossing the frontier, Mr. Buckhurst," I said.

His colorless eyes sought mine, then dropped. They were almost stone-white in the lamplight—white as his delicately chiselled face and hands. "Are we not to be exiled?" he asked.

"You are not," I said.

"Am I not under arrest?"

I stepped forward and placed him formally under arrest, touching him slightly on the shoulder. He did not move a muscle; yet beneath the thin cloth of his coat I could divine a frame of iron.

"Your creed is one of non-resistance to violence," I said, "is it not?"

"Yes," he replied. I saw that gray ring around the pale pupil of his eyes contracting, little by little.

"You have not asked me why I arrest you," I suggested—"and, monsieur, I must ask you to step back from that table—quick!—don't move!—not a finger!"

For a second he looked into the barrel of my pistol with concentrated composure, then glanced at the table-drawer which he had jerked open. A revolver lay shining among the litter of glass tubes and papers in the drawer.

The countess, too, saw the revolver and turned an astonished face to my prisoner.

"Who brought you here?" asked Buckhurst quietly of me.

"I did," said the countess, her voice almost breaking.

"Tell this man and his government that you are ready to face every charge against your honor! There is a dreadful mistake—they think you are—"

"A thief," I interposed with a smile. "The government only asks you to prove that you are not."

Slowly Buckhurst turned his eyes on the countess; the faintest glimmer of white teeth showed for an instant between the gray lines that were his lips. "So you brought this man here?" he said. "Oh! I am glad to know it."

"Then you cannot be that same John Buckhurst who stands in the tribune of the Château Rouge and promises all Paris to his chosen people," I remarked, smiling.

"No," he said slowly, "I cannot be that man, nor can I—"

"Stop! Stand back from that table!" I cried.

"I beg your pardon," he said coolly.

"Madame," said I, without taking my eyes from him, "in a community dedicated to peace, a revolver is an anomaly. So I think—if you move I will shoot you, Mr. Buckhurst!—so I think I had better take it, table-drawer and all—"

"Stop!" said Buckhurst.

"Oh, no, I can't stop now," said I cheerfully—"and if you attempt to upset that lamp you will make a sad mistake. Now walk to the door! Turn your back! Go slowly—halt!"

With the table-drawer under one arm and my pistol-hand swinging, I followed Buckhurst out into the hall. Daylight dazzled me; it must have affected Buckhurst, too, for he reached out to the stone balustrade and guided himself down the steps five paces in front of me.

Under the trees on the lawn beside the driveway I saw Dr. Delmont standing, big bushy head bent thoughtfully, hands clasped behind his back. Near him, Tavernier and Bazard were lifting a few boxes into a farm wagon. The carriage from Trois-Feuilles was also there, a stumpy Alsatian peasant on the box. But there were yet no signs of the escort of gendarmes which had been promised me.

As Buckhurst appeared, walking all alone ahead of me, Dr. Delmont looked up with a bitter laugh: "So they found you, too? Well, Buckhurst, this is too bad. They might have given you one more day on your experiments."

"What experiments?" I asked, glancing at the bottles and retorts in my table-drawer.

"Nitrogen for exhausted soil," said the countess quietly.

I set the table-drawer on the grass, rested my pistol on my hip, and looked around at my prisoners who now were looking intently at me. "Gentlemen," said I, "let me warn you not to claim comradeship with Mr. Buckhurst; and I will show you one reason why." I picked up from the table-drawer a little stick about five inches long and held it up.

"What is that, doctor? You don't know? Oh—you think it might be some sample of fertilizer containing concentrated nitrogen? You are mistaken; it is not nitrogen but nitro-glycerine."

Buckhurst's face changed slightly.

"Is it not, Mr. Buckhurst?" I asked.

He was silent.

"Would you permit me to throw this bit of stuff at your feet?" And I made a gesture.

The superb nerve of the man was something to remember. He did not move, but over his face there crept a dreadful pallor which even the others noticed; and they shrank away from him, shocked and amazed.

"Here, gentlemen," I continued, "is a box with a German label: 'Oberlohe, Hanover.' The silicious earth with which

nitro-glycerine is mixed to make dynamite comes from Oberlohe in Hanover."

I laid my pistol on the table, struck a match and deliberately lighted my stick of dynamite. It burned quietly with a brilliant flame; and I laid it on the grass and let it burn out like a lump of Greek fire. "Messieurs," I said, cocking and uncocking my pistol, "it is not because this man is a dangerous political criminal and a maker of explosives that the government has sent me here to arrest him . . . or kill him. It is because he is a common thief . . . a thief who steals crucifixes . . . like this one." I brushed aside a pile of papers in the drawer and drew out a big gold crucifix marvelously chiselled from a lump of the solid metal. . . .

"A thief," I continued, "who strips the diamonds from crucifixes . . . as this has been stripped . . . and who sells a single stone to a Jew in Strassbourg, named Fishel Cohen . . . now in prison to confront our friend Buckhurst."

In the dead silence I heard Dr. Delmont's heavy breathing; Tavernier gave a dry sob and covered his face with his thin hands. The young countess stood motionless, frightfully white, staring at Buckhurst, who had folded his arms.

Sylvia Elven touched her; but the countess shook her off and walked straight to Buckhurst. "Look at me," she said. "I have promised you my friendship, my faith and trust and support. And now I say to you, I believe in you. Tell them where that crucifix came from."

Buckhurst looked at me—long enough to see that the end of his rope had come. Then he slowly turned his deadly eyes on the girl before him. Scarlett to the roots of her hair she stood there, utterly stunned. The white edges of Buckhurst's teeth began to show again; for an instant I thought he meant to strike her. Then the sudden double beat of horses' hoofs broke out along the avenue below, and through the red sunset I saw a dozen horsemen come scampering up the drive toward us.

"They've sent me lancers instead of gendarmes for your escort," I remarked to Dr. Delmont; at the same moment I stepped out into the driveway to signal the riders, raising my hand. Instantly a pistol flashed—then another and another, and a dozen harsh voices shouted: "Hourra! Hourra! Prussien!"

"Mille Tonnerres!" roared Delmont, "the Prussians are here!"

"Look out! Stand back there! Get the women back!" I cried, as an uhlan wheeled his horse straight through a bed of geraniums and fired his horse-pistol at me.

Delmont dragged the young countess to the shelter of an elm, Sylvia Elven and Tavernier followed, Buckhurst ran to the carriage and leaped in.

"No resistance!" bellowed Delmont, as Bazard snatched up the pistol I had taken from Buckhurst. But the invalid had already fired at a horseman, and had gone down under the merciless hoofs with a lance through his face.

My first impulse was to shoot Buckhurst, and I started for him. Then in front of me a horse galloped into the table and fell with a crash, hurling his rider at my feet. I can see him yet sprawling there on the lawn, a lank, red-faced fellow, his helmet smashed in, and his spurred boots sticking fast in the sod.

Helter-skelter through the trees came the rest of the uhlands, shouting their hoarse "Hourra! Hourra! Prussien!" white and black pennons streaming from their lance-heads, pistols flashing in the early dusk.

I ran past Bazard's trampled body and fired at an uhlan who had seized the horses which were attached to the carriage where Buckhurst sat. The uhlan's horse reared and plunged, carrying him away at a frightful pace, and I do not know whether I hit him or not, but he dropped his pistol and I picked it up and fired at another cavalier, who shouted and put his horse straight at me.

Again I ran around the wagon, through a clump of syringa bushes, and up the stone steps to the terrace; and after me galloped one of those incomparable Cossack-riders, an uhlan, lance in rest, setting his wiry little horse to the stone steps with a loud "Hourra!"

It was too steep a grade for the gallant horse; I flung my pistol in the animal's face and the poor brute reared straight up and fell backward, rolling over and over with his unfortunate rider and falling with a tremendous splash into the pool below.

"In God's name stop that!" roared Delmont from below. "Give up, Scarlett! They mean us no harm!"

I could see the good doctor on the lawn, waving his handkerchief frantically at me; in a group behind stood the countess and Sylvia; Tavernier was kneeling beside Bazard's body; two uhlands were raising their stunned comrade from the wreck of the table; other uhlands cantered toward the foot of the terrace above which I stood.

"Come down, hussar!" called an officer. "We respect your uniform."

"Will you parley?" I asked, listening intently for the gallop of my promised gendarmes. If I could only gain time and save Buckhurst! He was there in the carriage; I had seen him spring into it when the Germans burst in among the trees.

"Foulez vous fous rendre? Oui ou non?" shouted the officer in his terrible French.

"Eh bien . . . non!" I cried, and ran for the château. I heard the uhlands dismount and run clattering and jingling up the stone steps. As I gained the doorway they shot at me, but I only fled the faster, springing up the stairway. Here I stood, sabre in hand, ready to stop the first man.

Up the stairs rushed three uhlands, sabres shining in the dim light from the window behind me. I laid my forefinger flat on the blade of my sabre and shortened my arm for a thrust—then there came a blinding flash, a roar, and I was down, trying to rise, until a clinched fist struck me in the face and I fell flat on my back.

Without any emotion whatever I saw an uhlan raise his sabre to finish me; also I saw a yellow and black sleeve interposed between death and myself.

"No butchery," growled the big officer who had summoned me from the lawn; "cursed pig, you'd sabre your own grandmother! Lift him, Sepp! You, there, Loisel!—lift him up. Is he gone?"

"He is alive, Herr Rittmeister," said the soldier, "but his back is broken."



The carriage bumped across the stones, water washed and slopped over the carriage floor

"It isn't!" I said.
 "Herr 'Je!' muttered the Rittmeister—"an eel, and a Frenchman and nine long lives! Here you, hussar, what's the matter with you?"

"One of them shot me—I thought it was to be sabres," said I weakly.

"And why the devil wasn't it sabres!" roared the officer, turning on his men. "One to three—and six more below! Sepp, you disgust me! Carry him out!"

I groaned as they lifted me. "Easy there!" growled the officer; "don't pull him that way. Now, young hell-cat, set your teeth; you have eight more lives yet."

They got me out to the terrace, and carried me to the lawn and laid me on the grass. One of the men brought me a cup of water from the pool.

"Herr Rittmeister," I said faintly, "I had a prisoner here; he should be in the carriage. Is he?"

The officer walked briskly over to the carriage. "Nobody here but two women and a scared peasant!" he called out.

As I lay still staring up into the sky, I heard the Rittmeister addressing Dr. Delmont in angry tones: "By every law of civilized war I ought to hang you and your friend there! Civilians who fire on troops are treated that way! But I won't. Your foolish companion lies yonder with a lance through his mouth. He's dead; I say nothing. For you, I have no respect! But I have for that hell-cat who did his duty! You civilians—you go to the devil!"

"Are not your prisoners sacred from insult?" asked the doctor angrily.

"Prisoners! My prisoners! You compliment yourself! Loisel, send those impudent civilians into the house! I won't look at them! They make me sick!"

The astonished doctor attempted to take his stand by me, offering his services, but the troopers hustled him and poor Tavernier off up the terrace steps.

"The two ladies in the carriage, Herr Rittmeister?" said a cavalryman, coming up at salute.

"What? Ladies? Oh, yes." Then he muttered in his mustache: "Always around—always everywhere. They can't stay there. I want that carriage, Sepp!"

"At orders, Herr Rittmeister!"

"Carry that gentleman to the carriage. Place Schwartz and Ruppert in the wagon yonder. Get straw—you, Brauer, bring straw and toss in those boxes if there is room. Where's Hofmeister?"

"In the pool, Herr Rittmeister."

"Take him out," said the officer soberly; "uhlans don't abandon their dead."

Two soldiers lifted me again and bore me away in the darkness. I was perfectly conscious. And all the while I was listening for the gallop of my gendarmes—not that I cared very much, now that Buckhurst was gone. "Herr Rittmeister," I said, as they laid me in the carriage, "ask the Countess de Vassart if she will let me say good-by to her."

"With pleasure," said the officer promptly. "Madame, here is a polite young gentleman who desires to make his

adeux. Permit me, madame—he is here in the dark. Sepp, fall back! Loisel, advance ten paces!—halt!"

"Is it you, Monsieur Scarlett?" came an unsteady voice from the darkness.

"Yes, madame. Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you? My poor friend, I have nothing to forgive. Are you badly hurt, Monsieur Scarlett?"

"I don't know," I muttered.

Suddenly the chapel bell of La Trappe rang out a startling peal. The Prussian captain shouted. "Stop that bell! Shoot every civilian in the house!" But the uhlans who rushed up the terrace found the great doors bolted and the lower windows screened with steel shutters.

On the battlements of the south wing a red radiance grew brighter; somebody had thrown wood into the iron basket of the ancient beacon and set fire to it.

"That teaches me a lesson!" bawled the enraged Rittmeister, shaking his fist up at the brightening alarm signal. He vaulted into his saddle, wheeled his horse and rode up to the peasant, Brauer, who, frightened to the verge of stupidity, sat on the carriage box. "Do you know the wood-road that leads to Gunstett through the foothills?" he demanded, controlling his fury with a strong effort.

The blank face of the peasant was answer enough; the Rittmeister glared around; his eyes fell on the countess: "You know this country, madame?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Will you set us on our way through the Gunstett hill-road?"

"No."

The chapel bell was clanging wildly; the beacon shot up in a whirling column of sparks and red smoke.

"Put that woman into the carriage!" bellowed the officer.

"I'm cursed if I leave her to set the whole country yapping at our heels! Loisel, put her in beside the prisoner! Madame, it is useless to resist. Hark! What's that sound of galloping?"

I listened. I heard nothing save the clamor of the chapel bell.

"Uhlans, into your saddles!" cried the Rittmeister. "Draw sabres! March! Trot!"

Fever had already begun to turn my head. The jolting of the carriage brought me to my senses at times; at times, too, I could hear the two wounded uhlans groaning in the wagon behind me, the tramping of the cavalry ahead, the dull rattle of lance butts in the leather stirrup boots. If I could only have fainted! The carriage presently moved on more smoothly, as though we were now on one of those even military high-roads which traverse France from Luxembourg to the sea. Which way we were going I did not know, I did not care.

My next lucid interval came from pain almost unendurable. We were fording a river in bright starlight; the carriage bumped across the stones, water washed and slopped over the carriage floor. To right and left, Prussian lancers were riding, and I saw the water boiling under their horses, and their long lances aslant the stars.

But there were more horsemen now, scores and scores of them, trampling through the shallow river; and beyond I could see a line of cannon, wallowing through the water, shadowy artillerymen clinging to forge and caisson, mounted men astride straining teams, tall officers on either flank, sitting their horses motionless in midstream.

The carriage stopped.

"Are you suffering?" came a low voice close to my ear.

"Madame, could I have a little of that water?" I muttered.

Very gently she laid me back; I was entirely without power to move below my waist, or to support my body.

She filled my cap with river water and held it while I drank. After I had my fill she bathed my face, passing her wet hands through my hair and over my eyes. The carriage moved on. After a while she whispered: "Are you awake?"

"Yes, madame."

"See the dawn, how red it is on the hills! There are vineyards there on the heights . . . and a castle . . . and soldiers moving out across the river-meadows."

The rising sun was shining in my eyes as we came to a halt before a small stone bridge over which a column of cavalry was passing—Prussian hussars by their crimson dolmans and little flat busbies.

Our uhlans escort grouped themselves about us to watch the hussars defile at a trot, and I saw the Rittmeister rigidly saluting their standards as they bobbed past above a thicket of sabres.

"What are these uhlans doing?" broke in a nasal voice behind us; an officer, followed by two orderlies and a trumpeter, came galloping up through the mud.

"Who's that—a dead Frenchman?" demanded the officer, leaning over the edge of the carriage to give me a near-sighted stare.

"Dying, general," said the Rittmeister, at salute.

"Then he will not require these men. Herr Rittmeister, I take your uhlans for my escort. Madame, you have my sympathy; can I be of service?"

He spoke perfect French; the countess looked up at him in a bewildered way: "You cannot mean to abandon this dying man here?" she asked.

There was a silence, broken brusquely by the Rittmeister: "That Frenchman did his duty!"

"Did he?" said the general, staring at the countess.

"Very well; I want that carriage, but I won't take it. Give that driver a white flag and have him drive into the French lines. Herr Rittmeister, give your orders! Madame, your most devoted!" And he wheeled his beautiful horse and trotted off down the road, while the Rittmeister hastily tied a handkerchief to a stick and tossed it up to the speechless peasant on the box.

"Morsbronn is the nearest French post!" he said in French. Then he bent from his horse and looked down at me. "You did your duty!" he snapped, and, barely saluting the countess, touched spurs to his mount and disappeared, followed at a gallop by his mud-splashed uhlans.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

COLLIER'S WEEKLY





DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH

THE MOONSHINERS

"THE GAUGERS HAVE COME!" — INTERNAL REVENUE OFFICERS SURPRISING ILLICIT DISTILLERS AT WORK IN THEIR "WILD-CAT" RETREAT

(SEE PAGE 17)

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Eyes and Ears of the Postal System

By
Henry A. Castle



Auditor
Post Office Department

COLLIER'S WEEKLY RECENTLY PUBLISHED AN ABLE ARTICLE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL LETTER CARRIERS' ASSOCIATION ON THE SUBJECT OF THE PLEA OF THE LETTER CARRIERS FOR MORE PAY, AND THE ADOPTION BY CONGRESS OF RETIREMENT AND PENSION LAWS. IN A RECENT CONVENTION THE "MEN IN GRAY" DETERMINED TO PUSH THE MATTER TO A CONCLUSION. WE HAVE ALREADY COMMENTED EDITORIALY ON THE WISDOM OF GRANTING THESE

OUR UNITED STATES postal system is a vital organism, for which the inspection service supplies both optic and auditory nerves. There are now two hundred inspectors attached to the Post-Office Department, from each of whom an increasing standard of intelligence, attainments and efficiency is exacted. He must be much more than a detective, though he should possess that faculty or instinct highly developed, and he is required to perform a great variety of important duties. His final record will not be gauged by the initial velocity of his talk production.

In addition to investigating mail depredations, detecting criminals and making arrests, inspectors are charged with the investigation of all complaints against postmasters and other employees; collecting balances due from delinquents; reporting on establishment, extension or discontinuance of all branches of the postal system; examining accounts and instructing postmasters; inquiring into the wrong payment of money orders, and detentions, lapses and irregularities in registered and ordinary mails.

If all men were honest, inspectors would still be needed, to minimize the direful effects of stupidity and accident in this nicely adjusted enterprise which our government has undertaken for the profit and convenience of the people.

But inasmuch as all men are not honest, sad to say; inasmuch as the financial transactions of the postal establishment will foot up \$950,000,000 during the current year, while its agents will transport even a larger amount in sealed packages or letters; inasmuch as those agents and employees number about 200,000 persons, while 10,000,000 men and women through their direct relation to the mails as daily patrons have opportunity and temptation for tampering with it—the sleepless vigilance involved in preserving its present marvelous integrity must command the admiration of all familiar with its achievements.

The Division of Post-Office Inspectors and Mail Depredations was established in 1872, and is now assigned to the bureau presided over by Hon. J. L. Bristow of Kansas, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. The division is directly in charge of Chief Inspector W. E. Cochran, whose headquarters are in Washington. For convenience of administration the country has been apportioned into fifteen districts (including Hawaii and Porto Rico), each having an inspector-in-charge located in its leading city.

The inspectors are under the protection of the Civil Service law; vacancies are usually filled by the transfer of trained employees from other branches of the postal work—notably the railway mail service. They are extensive travellers, averaging one hundred miles a day. They are incessantly busy; there is always an accumulation of cases in hand requiring attention, and they are often obliged to drop one important matter and take up another still more pressing, perhaps in a distant State. Their salaries are inadequate for the ability required and work performed—ranging from \$1,200 to \$1,600 per annum, with an allowance for expenses of four dollars per day when actually travelling.

As a partial measure of the work committed to their hands by casualties and depredations it may be stated that during the last official year 1,635 post-offices were robbed; 643 were destroyed by fire; 71 postal cars were wrecked and burned; 37 stages were robbed; 656 mail pouches were lost and 743 mutilated or stolen; 158 mail boxes were rifled; and 100,255 complaints were received of loss by letter and package mail. The inspectors last year made 1,600 arrests, and an average of 700 cases are constantly pending in Federal courts for offences against postal law.

One element of strength in the inspection service is its imminence. The dishonest employee or postmaster knows not when he will be investigated, and the post-office thief is liable at any moment to be seized by a watchful inspector—for these tireless servants of the government are always on the alert either to instruct or detect, and their field is unlimited. Another element of strength with this service is its ubiquity. The inspectors go everywhere, and while pursuing one special object are instructed to carefully observe all branches of the system, noting defects and calling attention to suspicious circumstances. Thus constantly moving among the vast army of postal employees, they exert a wonderful influence in restraining and correcting, while the instructions incidentally given prevent errors, avert losses, correct abuses, and contribute in many ways to improving the system.

Work in detecting crime and making arrests appeals most strongly to the popular imagination. It has infinitely pathetic features, involving tragedies of death or ruin as well as episodes that are studies in the ludicrous and the comic. Each matter investigated, however trivial, is embued in a detailed report for permanent preservation. A compilation of these reports, even in their cold, official form, would be a revelation of weaknesses, errors, crimes and expiations unequalled in the literature of human experience.

Quite recently came tidings of an arrest at St. Paul, the culmination of a long series of peculations, finally narrowed down to one derelict who was caught in the act. For five years there had been mysterious disappearances of money letters in that post-office. Two years ago it was discovered

that substantially all these losses were of letters mailed at night, brought in by night collectors and handled exclusively by the night clerk, who had long held this position and had been implicitly trusted. Enough circumstantial evidence accumulated to fasten suspicion directly on him, and for many months every effort was made by a skilled inspector to secure unquestionable proof. These efforts all failed; but a new inspector came upon the stage, and so effective were his combinations that the offending employee was caught red handed, taken into custody and lodged in jail.

The recent arrest of a railway mail clerk running between Indianapolis and Pittsburg revealed unusual complications in the detective line. For three years this employee had baffled the inspectors, who at one time dropped their suspicions, apologized to him therefor, and enlisted his efforts in running down the thief. His operations had been bold and successful. He was under observation when, having dropped his runs for a short period by reason of illness, it was found that the depredations apparently continued as before. Abandoning his trail and making apologies to him for their previous mistake, the inspectors asked his help and sought other clues. He immediately resumed operations; each month hundreds of letters were lost, nearly all addressed to points in Kansas and passing through this route agent's hands.

He was again put under espionage, but actual evidence was wanting, and it is a rule not to make an arrest until reasonably sure that some of the stolen property will be found on the suspect's person. Finally, it was thought that the fruit was ripe, and when the mail train arrived at Indianapolis two inspectors grasped the culprit as he left his car swinging a lunch basket in his hand. When the basket was opened it was found to contain a number of letters to Kansas people, several articles of wearing apparel such as women send through the mail, two or three stamped packages and a lady's purse containing money. The prisoner immediately confessed that it was he who had long robbed the mails, purloining many letters which he knew contained no money simply because he could not help it. The officers believe his peculations amount to thousands of dollars and assert that it is one of the hardest cases they ever encountered.

A vault in the post-office of an Eastern town was not long since wrecked by explosives, and \$2,259 in money and stamps was stolen therefrom, indicating the presence of a professional burglar, for whose arrest the local authorities offered liberal rewards. But an inspector, basing his judgment on the undue quantity of explosives used, asserted that it was the work of novices, and suspected a seventeen-year-old son of the aged postmaster. This boy soon began a course of extravagant expenditure, buying diamond rings and other articles far beyond his means. When flatly accused he strenuously denied knowledge of the crime, but immediately wrote a warning to his partner. This note was intercepted and resulted in bringing the boys together, obtaining a complete confession from each and recovering three-fourths of the stolen money. It turned out that the safe had been unlocked by the postmaster's son, who knew the combination, and that after the money had been abstracted the dynamite was used for the purpose of giving the affair that professional aspect which had imposed upon the local authorities.

Should Congress adopt a suggestion of the Auditor's Office and forbid the sale of postage stamps outside government agencies in quantities exceeding one dollar in value, much of the incentive to these burglaries would be removed. Thieves find a ready market for stamps at a small discount with unscrupulous "fences" in large cities, and as all offices keep a considerable supply the marauders are sure of a rich reward even when the amount of money obtained is small. Last October a party of enterprising burglars tunneled under the Chicago Post-Office with a patient skill equal to that displayed by the Union officers in escaping from Libby Prison in 1864. Entrance to the "impregnable" steel vault was gained and \$74,610 worth of postage stamps (an enormous bulk) were carted away. These stamps have since turned up in large amounts at widely different localities, and experienced inspectors have been busily following their trail, but the personnel of the successful raiding force may always retain its present mystery.

If a recent opinion of the Attorney-General is followed to its logical conclusion and sustained by the courts, redoubled vigilance will be demanded and a largely augmented corps of inspectors required. In that opinion it was held that the government is responsible for the safe delivery of mail matter committed to its custody. At present the registry fee includes an insurance to the amount of ten dollars (which it is proposed to increase to one hundred dollars) on the registered package. But unregistered matter has always been supposed to be carried at "owner's risk." Yet many millions of letters and packages of value annually pass through the ordinary mail, each a temptation to many employees who handle it, and thou-

MOST REASONABLE REQUESTS OF MEMBERS OF AN ARDUOUS SERVICE WHICH CHALLENGES ADMIRATION FOR RELIABILITY AND INTEGRITY UNDER CONSTANT TEMPTATIONS POINTED OUT VIVIDLY IN THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE. MEN WHO PROVE ABOVE THE AVERAGE IN HONESTY AND INTELLIGENCE SHOULD BE RECOMPENSED IN THE SAME PROPORTION. A LIFE SERVICE TO THE ENTIRE AMERICAN PUBLIC SHOULD BE ADEQUATELY REWARDED

sands are lost. Search for these furnishes a large share of the inspector's burden, and is in most cases utterly fruitless.

The use of the mails to transmit money in large or small amounts by ordinary letter without registry, money order or other attempt at protection is a necessary evil which leads to serious aggregate losses. The marvel is that these losses are not infinitely greater. Every employee through whose hands these money letters pass is thereby placed under hourly temptation. These employees become so expert that they can detect by the sense of feeling the presence of currency in a letter, and the opportunities for extracting it are innumerable. Once lost, it is as impossible to trace as a lump of coal in a car or a grain of wheat in an elevator. It is a high tribute to the integrity of the employees that these losses by theft are comparatively few.

Tests are frequently made of the honesty of employees, the results being in most cases entirely satisfactory, since only a small proportion of them are dishonest and, therefore, only a small proportion of valuable missives are lost. One confident patron recently ventured a crucial experiment, sending a silver dollar by mail to his daughter. He pasted a strip of white paper against the face of the coin, wrote the address thereon, placed a stamp on it at merchandise rates and committed it to the mails. The coin went safely through the ordeal, reached its destination, and the sender felt that a great triumph over human cupidity had been achieved. The fact is, however, that scores of experienced clerks through whose hands this exposed coin passed could with almost absolute accuracy have detected the presence of a ten-dollar bill folded however cunningly in an ordinary letter, sealed and addressed after the usual fashion.

One reason why inspectors always try to capture an offender with the evidence of guilt actually on his person, and endeavor to secure a confession in the first moments of surprise and confusion, is that Federal juries are incomprehensibly reluctant to convict on anything less than proof positive. It is a well-established principle that a post-office thief—that is, a dishonest employee—once embarked in his career never abandons it. Consequently, if he can be closely watched he will sooner or later be found *flagrante delicto*. It often requires months or years, which is hard on the people whose money is lost long after the authorities are morally certain of the guilty party, and might terminate the losses by dismissing him. But the end is held to justify the means, and the watchfulness is patiently continued until final detection ensues.

The money-order business furnishes a wide field for the exercise of criminal propensities and causes much trouble to inspectors. Embezzlements and defalcations of money-order funds by postmasters are of daily occurrence; frauds and forgeries are alarmingly frequent. Some years ago the assistant postmaster of a town in South Dakota, a man universally respected in the community, obtained a short leave of absence and failed to return. Reports soon came in that numerous money orders of large denominations, purporting to be issued at this office, had been paid along a line of travel reaching to Chicago and eastward. No such orders had been regularly issued, but an examination disclosed that the absconding assistant had removed blank orders from the book, properly filled them out for the maximum sum (\$100 each), forwarded the advices marked "identification waived," stopped off at towns en route and collected in all about \$2,500 without question. Inspectors sought the culprit in vain. All trace of him vanished until, many months later, his remains were identified in the victim of an accident in Kansas—and that "jacketed case" was closed forever. His methods have been frequently followed by others, with less success in eluding pursuit.

The inspector, who associates with high-grade public officials, with lawyers, judges, capitalists and railroad magnates, must have intelligence, education and the manners of a gentleman. He must be an accountant and a ready writer of lucid, comprehensive reports. He must be sober, honest, industrious, patient, affable, adaptable and, above all, discreet. He must be brave—in the parlous of large cities he confronts desperate criminals; in the mountains of the South he encounters moonshiners and is mistaken for the hated revenue agent; on Western plains he collides with train robbers and road agents and footpads; everywhere he must be instantly prepared to defend his own life in asserting the majesty of the law.

He sleeps on no bed of roses. His labors are exacting and his responsibilities are enormous. But he has a pride in his work which sustains him more than the meagre remuneration yielded by his toil. He is an integral, indispensable part of that great instrument and adjunct of modern civilization, the universal colossal educational institute, the marvellous engine of business enterprise and industrial progress, the greatest of all public institutions and benefactions—the American Postal Establishment. On his faithfulness and efficiency, and that of his two hundred associates, largely depend the continued promptness, rapidity and accuracy of the service which is the object alike of our continuing pride and increasing wonder.

CHINA'S NEW CONSUL-GENERAL TO CUBA

THE Honorable Chow Tszchi, who has been Chinese Consul at New York since 1899, and who was appointed, by royal decree, during the recent American tour of Prince Chen, to the position of first Chinese Consul General to the new Cuban Republic, stationed at Havana, is nearly as well and favorably known in United States official and business circles as his exalted fellow-countryman, Mr. Wu. Chow Tszchi is one of those bright and enlightened mandarins who, ever since his arrival in this country in 1896, as a member of Minister Wu Ting-fang's official family, has demonstrated to his countrymen the advantages of modern civilization and the desirability of keeping pace with our times. Educated in pursuance of the principles of Western science at the University of Peking, where he had studied English, he came to New York in 1899 for the second time, as the first Chinese Consul who speaks and knows our language thoroughly.

In the social world, the new Consul-General is a favorite, especially among ladies. He recently went back to China for a short vacation. During this time he visited the Viceroy of the two powerful Kwang provinces, who has his viceregal yamen headquarters at Canton, the

place whence almost all of our American Chinese residents come. He tried very hard to convince the Viceroy that an order should be issued to change the present system of provincial examinations, which are still based on the old-fashioned Confucian examination and which for centuries have been the only mode of graduating mandarins. Whether

Chow Tszchi, who has the welfare of his countrymen much at heart, and who in return is worshipped by the Chinese population of New York, will succeed in this ambition to ensure better Chinese officials is a problem of the not-far-distant future. Consul-General Chow Tszchi was born thirty-four years ago in Shantung, one of the northern provinces, but, in accordance with Chinese ideas, he belongs to Canton, whence his fore-

fathers came. That old and most interesting city, populated by millions of industrious people, is his home.

The accompanying photograph shows in the background the famous peak and the great harbor of Hong-Kong. The Consul-General wears his official costume, with silk boots, long broadened coat and a short riding-jacket. On top of his hat is shown the red coral button and the peacock feather.



THE HONORABLE CHOW TSZCHI

The inscription on the photograph reads: "Picture of Consul Chow Tszchi of New York, a native of Shantung (northern China), 34 years old; made in the reign of Kwang-Su, in his twenty-eighth year of rule over the Chinese Empire."

MOONSHINERS

(SEE DOUBLE PAGE)

THE "Fraud Fund" is the name given to an appropriation used by the Internal Revenue Department for the discovery of violations of the law, especially in the matter of illicit liquor manufacturing. By everybody, save officials who have the dignity of the country to uphold, "moonshining" is the name given to this method of fleecing Uncle Sam. The term comes from the habit formed by certain persons of making whiskey by the light of the moon.

The Fraud Fund shows that Uncle Sam last year lost \$1,500,000 through the moonlight habit. Even in the very heart of the government, in the District of Columbia, about \$3,500 was withheld from the country's revenues by persons who made whiskey without paying taxes. As far away as Alaska, bad men cheated the government in this way of \$2,500. Porto Rico, too, had its illicit still, by which the government was deprived of much revenue. The total number of stills seized in all parts of this country, last year, was 1,955; and the average for the last ten years was about 2,000 a year, while nearly 7,000 moonshiners were jailed.

The agent who goes moonshine baiting takes his life in his left hand and his gun in his right; and oftentimes he must use the one to save the other. Even so, many a useful man has laid down his life for his country's dollars. Nine men have died thus in the last few years, and twenty have been wounded. The "gaugers" are not loved by the "wild-cat" whiskey makers.

A moonshiner once, always such. The moment he is released from jail for one offense, he sets about making himself again liable. Recently, a still was actually discovered within prison walls, one of the convicts in the kitchen using a teakettle for the purpose, and making the liquor of potato parings and other refuse.

In large cities, the moon, of course, does not count. Light of day is just as safe, because in a city it is easier to hide pots and pans. Generally the whiskey-maker opens what seems to be a bakery or candy shop. He knows that the smell of cake or confectionery is very similar to that of "mash." Thus, at the outset, his "blind" makes it impossible for Secret Service men to ferret him out by the nose alone. Then he buys a lot of sugar. What more natural than for a baker or candy-maker to want sugar! This is the "base of stock" for the city distiller—though the countryman uses

decaying fruits, potatoes, wood or refuse of any kind that will ferment.

He puts the sugar say a hundred pounds in a barrel, pours water upon it, drops in two pounds of yeast, and a violent fermentation begins. This is the "mash." A "still" is a copper kettle in which the "mash" is placed when it is dead; that is, when it has ceased fermenting. A slow fire is started under the still, and the vapor arising therefrom passes through cooling pans and the condensed product is sold as whiskey.

Nearly all the illicit distillers' customers come in person for the liquor, carrying it off in ordinary dinner-pails, rubber belts, pig's bladders, or in anything that can be hidden beneath coat or shawl.

The profit to the distiller is one thousand per cent or more; and if he succeeds in keeping out of the clutches of Secret Service men long enough, he can retire with a snug fortune. He disposes for one dollar and fifty cents a gallon of something for which honest distillers have to charge four dollars; and with each gallon sold he fleeces Uncle Sam to the extent of exactly one dollar and ten cents revenue.

Burnett's Vanilla Extract

is the best. The grocers know it. Insist on having Burnett's. It is for your food. Pure and wholesome.—Adv.

If you wish to be always satisfied, order no other Champagne than Cook's Imperial Extra Dry. It has quality and purity.—Adv.

A well-appointed home is scarcely complete without telephone service. Rates in Manhattan from \$48 a year. New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey St., 111 West 38th St.—Adv.

Cow's Milk

for infant feeding must first take into account the source of supply. The milk must come from a healthy, well fed, well groomed herd of cows under hygienic supervision. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is prepared under highest scientific methods.—Adv.

Sent Free and Prepaid.

To prove the great curative qualities of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine in all cases of Indigestion, or Constipation, we will send any reader of Collier's Weekly who needs it, a trial bottle of this wonderful preparation. It quickly relieves, positively cures all stomach and bowel troubles. We have thousands of testimonials from those who have been relieved, cured, by its use. If you have any stomach trouble, or are bothered with constipation do not fail to write to the Vernal Remedy Co., Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial bottle. It is sent free and prepaid. The original and genuine Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine is made only by the Vernal Remedy Co., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

To hold all were, the mirror up to Nature.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

Is the direct reflection of nature. It is the whole wheat—nothing added and nothing taken away. It is the NATURAL food intended by nature for man's use because it contains all the properties in correct proportion necessary to nourish every element of the human organism. Man's ignorance as to the uses of the different parts of the wheat was originally accountable for the removal of portions of it in order to make white flour. Custom and habit are accountable for the continuance of this vital error. Faulty bones and teeth, weak bodies and minds are the result of the white flour eating "practice."

Shake off the pale, sickly yoke

and nourish every part of your God-given mind and body with NATURAL food.

Trust the white bread eating habit firmly aside

—be well and strong

and "Dare do all that may become a man."

Sold by all grocers.

Send for "The Vital Question" cook book, FREE.

Address

The Natural Food Co.

Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

N. Y.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

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is the title of a very interesting package of affidavits from the students and graduates of the Original Page-Davis School of Advertising.

These sworn statements from employed graduates and satisfied students speak more convincingly than anything we might here add.

They tell how we practically and thoroughly teach this modern and fascinating study BY CORRESPONDENCE. They tell of the progress and great help it has been to them not only in their present positions but as an aid to take up a larger and more profitable line of usefulness. It tells how they are earning from \$25.00 TO \$100.00 PER WEEK.

Advertisement writing is conceded to be an important part of every young man's business training and without this knowledge you are decidedly handicapped.

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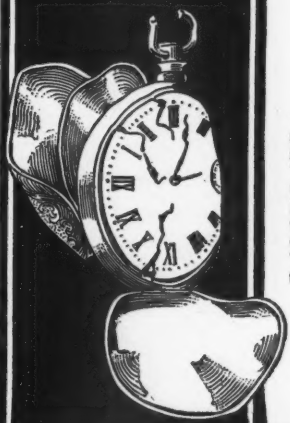
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will happen! That's why your watch works should be protected by a strong case. Gold alone is soft and bends easily. It's used for show only. The JAS. BOSS STIFFENED GOLD WATCH CASE resists jar and jolt. Keeps out the dust. Reduces the expense of repair. Adds many years to the life of your watch. Every JAS. BOSS CASE is guaranteed for 25 years by a Keystone Trade-mark stamped inside. You must look for this trade-mark.

Consult the jeweler Write us for booklet

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY Philadelphia



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CHINESE-AMERICAN GINSENG CO. Department B JOPLIN, MO.

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A disinfecting, cleansing soap which has stood the test of years in purifying and healing qualities. All druggists. Be sure and get

Glenn's Sulphur Soap



THERE WAS a time when the American woman who wanted fine underwear must needs inflict a serious strain upon her bank account and buy French goods. Even now the loveliest of the hand-made garments hail from France, for skilled needlework is rare and costly in this country. On the other hand, machine-made underwear has been brought to so high a point of perfection by certain American firms that the deep gulf fixed between the old-time "ready-made" underwear and French lingerie has been satisfactorily bridged.

The girl who cannot afford the French hand-made garments, nor even the finest machine-made article, is fortunate if she is a clever needlewoman; for beautiful designs are easily obtained to-day, and with considerable skill and a little patience one may achieve, at a cost merely nominal, genuine triumphs in lingerie. Simplicity is the keynote of the most desirable underwear, but it must be simplicity of an exceedingly choice variety. It must mean the finest of material, the most artistic and becoming of designs, the most careful of work. On the cheaper lingerie quantities of lace, insertion, etc., are used to mask the coarseness of materials and carelessness in work; but the better class of goods needs no such aid, and, save in the much-frilled and frou-froued petticoats, seldom breaks into excessive lace trimming.

The sketches shown here are original designs and are illustrative of the best type of lingerie, if one sets aside the marvellous hand-embroidered little garments of which Paris is the source and which cannot be reproduced by the home seamstress unless she is a phenomenal artist.

All of these designs are comparatively simple, but they follow the newest lines and are warranted becoming to any woman not beyond the aid of toilette details.

The combined petticoat and chemise is a rather recent innovation, at least as regards its present dainty form, and has won much favor. The chemise has for several seasons past been regaining its lost prestige and is now with many women the accepted form of corset cover; while women too stout for extra fulness over corsets wear the chemise in the old

manner as a substitute for the silk undervest. The new chemises are, however, so shaped and made in such sheer material that they hardly add a perceptible fulness between corset and gown. The chemise and petticoat may reach to the usual petticoat length or may be merely a corset-cover chemise; but it must be sheer enough so that the fulness required above the waist line will not be clumsy under a close-fitting dress-skirt. Embroidery beading is run in for a belt, sloping down in front to give a long-waisted effect, and in making the garment care should be taken to set the belt beading low enough to allow for shrinkage in the first laundering. Embroidery beading is, by the way, preferable to lace beading, because of its superior wearing qualities, and is used in connection with lace and insertion on the very finest of lingerie. Real Valenciennes is an ideal lace for underwear trimming, if one can afford it, and will almost offset its original cost by its durability. The same is true of real torchon, which is, however, less expensive. If real lace is out of the question, imitation Valenciennes or torchon in good real lace patterns is the best choice, and should be used sparingly. Frills and much lace elaboration around the neck of corset-covers, nightgowns, etc., are not advisable, because they muss so easily under a dress bodice.

The tight-fitting corset-cover is practically unknown to-day, the full sheer bébé waist having taken its place. The corset-cover ending at the waist line in a belt of embroidery beading through which ribbon is run is very popular, but the belt must be well shaped, coming low enough in the back and sloping down in front, so that it will not shrink enough to sever diplomatic relations with the petticoat and leave a hiatus of corset in view.

The corset-cover chemise whose waist line is defined by tucks and has no belt is a charming model for a slender woman, but must be adroitly shaped, the tucks being disposed in girder fashion. Many of the newest corset-covers fasten in the back, which makes the disposition of the front trimming a simpler matter and allows wider scope of design. Every woman should have among her lingerie several corset-covers for wear with evening dresses, and held over the shoulders merely by narrow satin ribbons and bows.

TWO SIDES OF THE SERVANT QUESTION : BY MRS. LYDIA SEELY



Mrs. Seely

A LONG and varied experience with the servant-girl problem—an experience dealing, as has mine, with every phase of the question and with the perspective of one to whom the happy adjustment of the relations between employer and employé is necessarily of prime importance—such an experience warrants but one conclusion: that the question at issue is, after all, more or less of a bugaboo.

For this the newspapers are largely responsible; that is, the comic supplements of the daily and Sunday press. Difficulty there is, to be sure. There is always difficulty of some sort in every department of activity, but the servant-girl question is nothing like so serious as the funny paragrapher would have us believe. People have no more trouble to-day with their domestic help than they had fifty or one hundred years ago,

nor will conditions be much altered one hundred years hence, despite the prognostications of the social economists who from time to time bid us look forth to the dawn of the eight-hour system. So long as economic conditions make it necessary for one portion of human society to fetch and carry for another whose privilege it is to bid and beck and call, there will always be more or less complaint and cause of dissension between master and man, and between mistress and maid.

There is no cause for alarm or dismal forebodings, however, and those who really know will readily agree with me in this. The women who will have you believe otherwise are restricted to three classes: first, those who are not accustomed to keeping servants and do not know how to manage them; second, the small housekeeper who only keeps one; and the clubwoman anxious to display her smattering of social economics, who probably does not keep nor ever has kept a maid in all her life. By such as these the so-called

servant-girl question is vociferously agitated. It needs but a moment's consideration to see that opinions from such sources upon the subject of domestic service are absolutely valueless except as those opinions refer to certain individual experiences. Such women make the mistake of generalizing from insufficient data. They are the people, and the only people, who raise this hue and cry about so-called hired help. They are the people who predict anarchy in the kitchen and servants' hall, and dismally croak of a coming revolution in housekeeping methods. This revolution, according to the papers read periodically before various mistaken but well-meaning organizations of women, seems to have for a pivot what the erudite social economist chooses to call the eight-hour system—or the two-platoon method. Under the new régime a household servant will occupy pretty much, or possibly exactly, the same relation toward her employer as that existing between a factory hand and the superintendent thereof.

Now all this may sound very well in theory, especially when read by an enthusiastic clubwoman to a concourse of equally enthusiastic and equally mistaken sisters. I use the word mistaken with all respect in the world to clubwomen in general, but when it comes to a consideration of the so-called servant question, she is as a rule totally unfitted to express a universal opinion. My long years of experience in furnishing servants to houses in New York and all over the country has proved to me conclusively that the servant difficulty, where it exists at all, is but of minimum importance.

In the fine old families, among those people to whom the keeping of anywhere from one to twenty-four servants is quite a matter of course—something they have been used to all their lives, as were their mothers before them—there is small thought given to the problem. Because the problem does not exist.

Take the other class of employer, however, the very opposite of that just described. Here is a woman, for instance, who complains continually about her "maid," as she chooses to elegantly term that slatternly, overworked domestic factotum to be found in the average flat or apartment. The woman, perhaps—indeed in many cases—has little more genuine culture than her maid; sometimes, it must be confessed, not as much. The woman probably never boasted a

servant until her marriage or a sudden raise in her husband's salary. It is a novelty to the young housekeeper (for the woman who has trouble with her servant is usually a rather young woman) to have some one to fetch and carry for her, and, being a novelty, she is likely to abuse the purpose for which her new acquisition is intended. In short, she overloads the girl with work—with more work, indeed, than any human being could do or be expected to do in one day and do well. And right here is the secret of the one-servant employer's trouble—she is too hard a taskmaster. The general houseworker invariably has too much to do, and in order to get through her work at all she must of necessity do it hurriedly—and work done hurriedly must always be more or less badly done. For instance, the flat or apartment in which you will most often find one servant in charge varies in size all the way from five rooms and bath to eight or nine with possibly two baths. The family may number anywhere from two to seven or eight persons. If the family is very small, the one servant is expected to do all laundry work besides her regular duties of sweeping, dusting, cooking and chamber work, and she is invariably expected to open the door to callers. Now any employer who expects all this to be well done by one servant, and to be done, moreover, in a respectful manner, is sure to have trouble. Such a woman is equally sure, too, to be half the time without a servant. This is the sort of housekeepers who spend what part of their lives is not squandered in abusing servants as a class, in the waiting-rooms of employment agencies. Life in the home of a woman of this class is one of inconceivable toil and hardships unending. It means long hours of hard work interrupted incessantly by the demands of the door-bell; it means a close, cramped, uncomfortable room looking into an airshaft or ugly courtyard—a room unfit for a hard-working woman to sleep in.

The difficulties of this phase of the question are great, I will admit—so great, indeed, that some years ago I was obliged to discontinue this branch of my business entirely. I found that it was impossible to get good general houseworkers with either the capability or the inclination to put up with such conditions. Occasionally there were exceptions, to be sure. With the introduction of the elegantly equipped apartment of five rooms and bath, with only a

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has avoided many a case of appendicitis, because appendicitis is generally brought on by constipation and PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cures constipation. It acts on the Liver and no reaction follows its use. Many medicines leave effects that are worse than the original malady, but PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is sure, speedy and safe. 50 cts. and \$1.00 at all Druggists.

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Bangle Ring. Smallest Ever Coined.
Or any Initial engraved Free. Mailed Gold. Warranted 5 years.
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family of two to serve, these difficulties are becoming somewhat modified by reason of the added conveniences. But such apartments and such small and considerate families are only exceptions, and not frequent enough to make any perceptible decrease in the complaint of the general houseworker.

In the well-regulated house of two or more servants, there is opportunity for so systematizing the work to be done that no servant is obliged to do more than a reasonable amount each day; as a consequence she is happier and more contented. Then, too, she has the companionship of her fellow worker or workers, which is a great factor in the establishment of a successful domestic arrangement.

Then, too, trouble is avoided in the larger establishment through the ability for greater latitude as regards "the day off." A wise housekeeper will always see that this matter is carefully and justly arranged, as it always pays in the end.

In certain well-regulated houses, where several servants are kept, an excellent practice is in vogue of giving each one in turn a day and a night—or twenty-four consecutive hours—off every two months; and, where the houses are in the country, of allowing them to spend this time in town.

This is an excellent method of keeping servants during the summer months in the country. Such a system gives them a chance to leave for the city on an early forenoon train, see their friends, spend the night in town and get home again in time to help serve dinner the following evening.

The servant is not to blame for all the misunderstanding and inconvenience which her employment usually bears with it. The employer is to be held responsible for one exceedingly grave error, and that is the laxity in the giving of recommendations. No employer should ever give a recommendation to a servant who was not in every respect worthy of it. A recommendation should be given only with the utmost conscientiousness, and a vast deal of trouble for the future employer thereby saved. As it is, the average servant's recommendation is not worth the paper it is written on. If servants were made to understand clearly that they could not expect recommendations unless they deserved them, and if it were proved once or twice by a practical lesson, they would so conduct themselves as to merit the written testimonial when it should become necessary to ask it. One golden maxim that should never be forgotten by the wise housekeeper is this: "Necessity is the mother of a good and faithful servant."

A HUNTSMAN'S LYRIC

By ERNEST NEAL LYON

OUT from the narrow city,
Slaves of the desk—away!
Piping our huntsman's duty,
We're for the woods to-day!

Gallop o'er meadow-reaches,
On—to our heart's desire;
Gallop by oaks and beeches,
Ribbioned with autumn's fire!

Listen! A partridge drumming;
Hearken! A squirrel's call,
Signal a foeman's coming,
Quickly the trophies fall.

Bearing our hard-won treasure,
Back, where the camp-fires shine;
Back, with a thrill of pleasure;
Warming our blood, like wine.

Laughter, and song, and story,
Mocking the midnight hours.
Ho for the huntsman's glory!
Never a joy like ours!

FOOD

COLONY LIFE

Effect of Climate Overcome by Proper Food.

The necessity of pleasant, nutritive and proper food is highly appreciated in the Philippines, particularly by Americans unused to climate and native custom in cooking.

One of our soldier boys writes:—"In this land of bad food and disordered stomachs, a nearly fatal attack of malaria left my digestion for many months in such a state, that food of any kind distressed me terribly. I suffered from the effect of drugs, but dared not eat. It was simply misery to live. The so-called remedies itself seemed to aggravate my sufferings.

Some friend suggested Grape-Nuts Food, and I gave it a trial. To my surprise and pleasure, it did all and more than was claimed for it. I am now, after using the food for 18 months, in good health; my digestive apparatus in perfect order, and I have long lost all feeling of pain or discomfort after eating. In fact I live again. I would not be without Grape-Nuts for the world. It is not only the excellent effect of your food that renders it valuable, it is also delicious to the taste, possessing flavor of its own, and can be prepared in many ways to suit many palates." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



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Knowing that if you give one of our lights a test you will at once recognize it as being far beyond anything in the line of house lighting, we will send you one of our Model No. 1000 Hydro Carbon Light C. O. D. \$4.00, express prepaid, with mantle, chimney and fluted porcelain shade, ready to light; test it three nights and if not found satisfactory and the most brilliant and inexpensive light you ever saw, return it to express agent, whom we instruct to refund your money and return light at our expense. **NOTE:** If west of the Mississippi river, enclose 50 cents for expressage. If west of Denver, \$1.00.

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THE ART OF LACE-MAKING

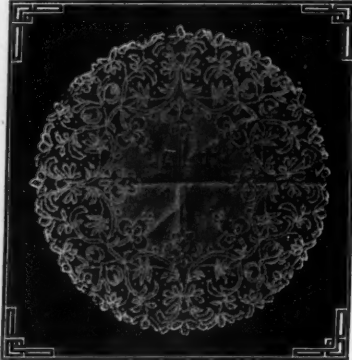
By LILIAN BARTON WILSON

THE DIFFERENCE between embroidery and lace is a radical one and involves a definition of both in order to be explained. Embroidery presupposes a fabric, something to answer as a ground through which the stitches can be taken. Lace is made complete; both the pattern and its ground have to be built up. It is an entire creation with nothing to start from, as it were—stitches in air, as the Italians call it. "Real lace" is lace made by hand, either with the needle or on a pillow with bobbins; and, as every one knows, the process is a most tedious and trying one, as well as one which requires great skill.

The braid laces are a compromise between real and machine-made laces, and if well executed they are very beautiful as well as valuable. The real lace stitches are used in this work to weave together the braid which forms the design. Our illustration is a very fine example of the Battenburg or Renaissance lace.

Lace centerpieces over white cloths are very dainty, and are used now quite as much as the embroidered ones.

This kind of lace is made over a design stamped on cambric. The braid is made to follow the lines of the pattern. The design of this centerpiece is a very rich one, and the braid is so closely laid that there is not as much work on the piece as one might imagine. The fine linen centre, a delicate filmy piece of French lawn, is basted over the plain centre of the cambric, and the braid is then basted over the lines or bars of the pattern.



The basting of this work must be done with great care. Lay the braid on the pattern and sew it through the centre with rather fine stitches. When this is all fastened to the cambric backing, the lace stitches are woven into the spaces between with linen thread, thus uniting the whole into one delicate fabric. The spider-web work is usually made to fill in the background spaces, and the more complicated stitches are used in the spaces of the design.

The foundation of the lace stitches is buttonhole-work and nearly all the stitches are modifications of it. The edge of the design which touches the linen is buttonholed all the way around after the cambric is removed from the back of the completed lace by ripping out the basting. It is evident that a new fabric is made, with the exception of the linen centre.

Many of the finest needle-point laces are made after this plan; that is, the design is marked on a fabric and the mesh is built up upon it, but independent of it. Lace-making will probably never become a pastime occupation—it is too difficult; but one who is inclined to take needlework just a little seriously may produce very beautiful pieces of braid lace. The braids come in imitation of the solid part of various kinds of real lace; some of them are very fine. One of the prettiest of these is the Honiton. Bits of real Honiton may be used as the skeleton of the work, so in the end one has a piece of real lace. This is well worth while, for collars and cuffs and yokes of white gowns.

CATERING TO JUVENILE APPETITES

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

EVERY MOTHER with a brood of little folks about her realizes the vagaries of a juvenile appetite. The things children ought to eat are what they declare impressively they "hate," and the things they ought not to touch—fruit cake, for instance, or mince pie, and a long list of foods classified "deadly" by the professor of hygiene—are longed for by the contrary little appetites. If you let your memory go back to childhood, when the doughnut pail and the cookie-jar held the most delectable dainties on earth, you will have a large sympathy with the youngsters who would prefer pie for breakfast to oatmeal. The wise mother prohibits the pie and enforces the oatmeal, even while she remembers she had the same appetite when a little girl.

Far better, however, than having to force a food upon the childish appetite is to have that same food so excellently cooked and so tempting in appearance that it will appeal first to the eye of the child, afterward to his palate. A little boy for whom the doctor had ordered a liberal diet of eggs refused point-blank to eat them. At a poached egg he utterly rebelled. His mother gave up in despair. When I saw the plate which had been set before him I understood. It held a large slice of toast which was charred in places, unbrowned in others. Over it straggled a fringe of white of egg with a hard yellow ball in the centre and a soaking of water gravy. I suggested to the mother that she lay the food aside and give him what he wished—plain bread-and-butter. Next morning I asked permission to poach his egg. The little fellow's eyes brightened when he saw it. The delicately browned toast was trimmed with a fluted pate cutter and set on a small, pretty plate. On the toast lay an egg, trimmed with a smaller cutter. The yolk looked like a ball of gold in the middle of pearl, and a sprig of crisp watercress lay beside the food. He needed no coaxing to eat his poached egg that morning, nor any other morning after his mother had learned to make the dish look palatable.

It means so much to make a dish look palatable for small diners. I think few women take into consideration a child's love for the beautiful, as it applies to the table. I once visited a nursery where the little folks ate their breakfasts and early suppers at a table made less attractive than that in the servants' dining-room. The dishes were of heavy stoneware, the mugs of silver. There were no spots of brightness, as seen on the downstairs dining-table in the shape of silver, cut-glass or delicate china. The cloth was a gaudy red one, which did not show dirt, and every dish was almost unbreakable. The mother complained that the children did not eat as much in the nursery as they did in the dining-room. I showed her one instance why they shouldn't—when the oatmeal came to her own table, prettily molded, on a silver platter, with a garnish of banana slices about it and

the cream in a cut-glass pitcher. Upstairs it was spooned from a heavy vegetable dish and the cream was poured from a brown jug. It was only one instance of the fact so often neglected, that a child's appetite may be appealed to through the eye. For the benefit of mothers, I would offer some of the ideas carried out in one household to tempt the juvenile appetite.

Food which can be served individually will be eaten more readily by youngsters than when helped from a dish. Take jelly desserts, for instance. I use a dozen small molds, each one different, for a gelatin dessert. There is generally excitement as to who will get a castle, an ear of corn, a fish, an animal, or a rose. The dessert comes to the table on small chilled saucers with a slight garnish of whipped cream squeezed through a pastry bag, and the prettier they are the more delightfully they are eaten. I generally make all shortcakes individual style, no larger than will be eaten, with a garnish of cream and a beautiful strawberry or a slice of orange on top of each one.

When it comes to sandwiches, either for a school luncheon or to be eaten at the table, contrast the vanishing properties of an old-fashioned sandwich with the crust left on and the meat protruding, and a dainty crustless one filled with some chopped mixture or jam, cut just a trifle differently from a regulation slice of bread. It may be nothing more elaborate than fingers or triangles; it will taste better. It may be round, diamond or heart shaped, according to your supply of cookie-cutters. Make the sandwich first, then cut it; the waste of crust may be utilized in all sorts of dishes by the economical cook.

Nothing delights a child more than A, B, C macaroni in soup. As a rule, youngsters have to be coaxed at the soup course. When they eat, trying at the same time to find the letters which spell their own names, the soup disappears before they know it.

Crisp lattice potatoes are a delight to children. They are cooked Saratoga chip style, are quite wholesome if fried quickly in hot fat and dried on a towel to absorb all superfluous grease.

While at the seashore collect some shells of deep-sea clams. Use them for individual scallop dishes of fish, oysters or lobster. If the children helped to gather them, the scallop dishes will excite reminiscence every time they come to the table.

Purchase a few bundles of the "straws" used at a soda-water counter. Serve one when the little folks have lemonade. Not only do the children enjoy their lemonade more, but the straws prevent a chilled beverage being gulped down in a way that would cause a bad attack of indigestion.

Occasionally a child will declare itself tired of potatoes and they are left untasted. As an accompaniment to a meat or fish course, potatoes, or their equivalent in some starch food,

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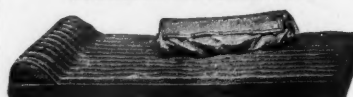
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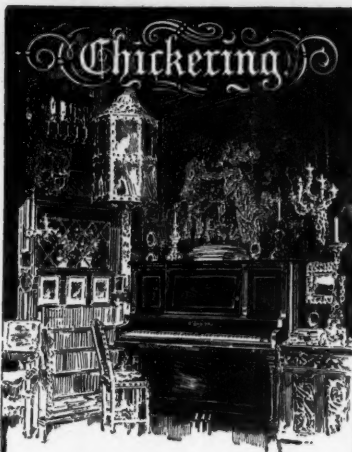
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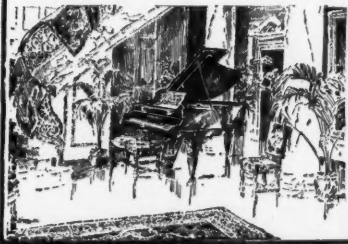
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are a necessity. Make the potatoes look nice and see how differently they will be received, for few children have a liking for the tuber "plain boiled." There are a score of other ways of serving them; potatoes mashed through a ricer are so pretty that they are seldom refused. If mashed potato accompanies a dish which can be served in a shallow platter, squeeze it through a pastry bag in roses around the meat. Mold it in small cones, dip in melted butter and brown delicately in the oven. Potato balls, cut with a small scoop, boiled for a few minutes, then served in a white sauce, are delicious. Occasionally serve plain creamed potato in individual scallop dishes, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown delicately.

Don't serve macaroni or spaghetti in long strings; it is not easy for even grown-up folks to eat it in that style. Boil the macaroni, then lay the strings on a board and cut them in half inch rings. Reheat in the accompanying sauce. They look nice, and may be eaten by children with a spoon.

When fruit is scarce or expensive, add to plain rhubarb or apple-sauce, just before it is dished, a cupful of stoned dates, a handful of raisins, some chopped orange or lemon peel, a few walnut meats or figs cut up.

One ought not to forget how valuable prunes are as an addition to a child's dietary. Buy the finest fruit in the market, soak them over night, then stew slowly. Add very little sugar—good prunes require almost no sweetening. The best time to serve them is for breakfast. A frequent use of prunes in the nursery menu will do more to

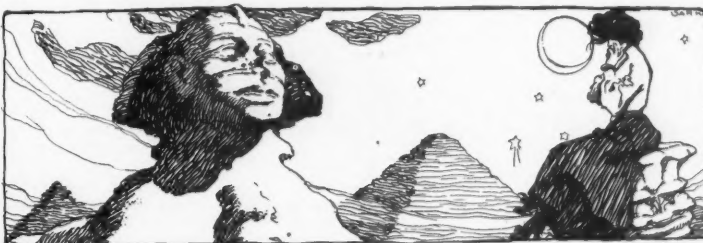
correct childish constipation in a natural way, and with better effects, than a dose of medicine.

Make a plain icing of confectioner's sugar mixed to a good spreading consistency with cream. It may be flavored with almost anything—half a teaspoonful of any extract—a teaspoonful of cocoa, a little melted chocolate, or some grated coconut. If a fruit icing is desired, use the juice of orange, lemon, pineapple, strawberry or raspberry to moisten the sugar instead of cream. Spread this icing, sandwich fashion, between thin wafers. The "frosting sandwiches," as they are called in our house, are preferred to cake. Besides the fact that they are wholesome, every mother can realize how much less time it takes to prepare them than to mix, roll and bake cookies, fry doughnuts or attend to the laborious task of cake-making.

There are so many ways for garnishing common dishes to tempt the wayward appetites of children. I have heard youngsters who said they hated spinach turn to it with avidity when it was served individually in water-lily fashion. The spinach, finely chopped and nicely seasoned, is served in small sauce dishes. On top of each is laid fine slices of the white of hard-boiled egg, cut lengthwise. In the centre is dropped a teaspoonful of the yolk rubbed through a strainer.

You can make blanc-mange look very attractive by putting a rounded spoonful in a sherbet cup, drop a "rose" of whipped cream on top and a morsel of red currant jelly in the heart of the "rose."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



Questions on any subject may be sent to this department, and the answers will be published at the earliest possible date after receipt. All communications should be addressed: "Questions and Answers" Department, Collier's Weekly, New York City.

SELINA.—The name Brenda is of Scandinavian origin. One of Sir Walter Scott's novels, "The Pirate," has a heroine bearing this name. For further information look up some authority on names in any public library.

M. OLENICK and T. V. HUBBELL.—The aggregate vote for Governor on the last elections of the States you inquire about were: New York, 1,535,058; Pennsylvania, 963,640; Michigan, 548,212.

T. E. B.—There is no manufacturer of artificial eggs in Chicago. They are chiefly made in Europe and imported to this country. At one time there was a maker of these eggs in the South, but his plant burned down a few months ago.

Please tell me how long to make a dress for a fourteen-year-old girl who is as tall as if she were seventeen.—**MADDER.**

A girl of this height ought to have her street skirts reach to the top of her shoes; for an evening frock the skirt may be a little longer.

MISS HICKEY.—I am very glad you found the hair tonic did you so much good, and repeat it for you as you request. Each answer is taken in turn, but with so many it is impossible to answer in the next issue. The following is the recipe for falling hair:

Borax,	1 teaspoonful
Common salt,	1 teaspoonful
Tincture of capsicum,	1 teaspoonful
Liquor of ammonia,	1 ounce
Glycerine,	2 drachms
Solution of carbolic acid (1 in 80),	8 ounces

CONSTANT READER.—This is such a frequently used pseudonym that it is wiser to take some less common one to prevent confusion. The electrode spoken of in a former issue may be obtained at any shop where electrical appliances are sold. We do not give addresses of tradespeople. Until you obtain the electrode you might massage your face gently with the finger tips yourself, always going upward, and always taking care to go across, and not with, any lines which may be forming.

Will you tell me the method of putting up block ice-cream, also the number of blocks a gallon should yield, the blocks to be a ten-cent size?—**X. Y. Z.**

A machine which costs \$15 is used by the trade to cut ice-cream into blocks. It slices a gallon into thirty or forty blocks, as desired. If you do not wish to invest in a machine, the work may be done, more laboriously of course, by turning out the cream frozen into a very hard brick and measuring rapidly the size of blocks desired, marking by means of a foot-rule, then cutting with a thin spatula which has been dipped in warm water. These small blocks will keep for several hours if wrapped in waxed paper and stored in a tin case set in a tub of ice and salt.

B. V.—Your question is not very clear. If you really mean short finger nails, as you say, the only remedy is to let them grow. Do you bite your nails? If, however, you mean small nails, I am afraid there is nothing to be done, although the shape may be very much improved by manicuring once or twice a week. I should advise your going to some good manicure: the cheap ones should be carefully avoided, as they often make matters much worse than they were before.

E. C. M.—Peroxide of hydrogen would whiten your skin, but you must be careful not to use it too often or it might make the skin sore. Should

you find this so, leave off for a few days or a week and then begin again. It may be obtained at any good drug store. You say you do not want powder, but a very soothing powder which would be specially good to use after the peroxide of hydrogen, and which will remain on the face, is the following:

Boric acid,	1 part
Oxide of zinc,	1 part
Powdered starch,	4 parts

Apply with an ordinary powder puff, and dust off lightly with a soft handkerchief.

M. S.—If the bunion is not very tender, paint with tincture of iodine night and morning for a few days until the top skin begins to peel off. Then stop for about a week and paint for another three days as before. If this does not answer the purpose, write again.

MATER.—(1) One of the best powders for discolored teeth is camphorated chalk, which can easily be obtained at any drug store. If the teeth are kept carefully brushed twice a day—always rinsing the mouth well out after a meal—there is no reason why they should be discolored at all. It is nearly always the result of neglect, although in some cases—particularly when there is a good deal of acidity in the stomach—it is a difficult matter to keep them white and clean. If the discoloration is tartar, cuttle-fish powder should be used. The following recipe is an excellent one, which you might try if the camphorated chalk should not suit you:

Powdered cuttle-fish,	1 ounce
Precipitated chalk,	2 ounces
Powdered orris root,	1 ounce
Otto of lemon,	45 drops
Otto of neroli,	30 drops

To be used twice a day, after the mouth has been well rinsed. (2) Go to some good manicure and watch her carefully. Then purchase a manicure set and the rest is easy. Please number your questions.

Please tell me how to plan a birthday party for my little three-year-old girl.—**J. M. D.**

Invite the tiny guests from four to six, which allows them to come fresh and happy from their afternoon naps. Children of that age ought to be in bed again at seven o'clock, and an hour will be required for them to settle down from the excitement of a party. Let the supper menu be quite simple—a child's digestion is so easily upset. Finely chopped chicken, lightly seasoned with salt and moistened with chicken stock, makes a wholesome filling for sandwiches. Chopped English walnuts with creamed butter and celery salt to season, or hard-boiled eggs chopped, are sandwich fillings most children like. Cut the sandwiches in fingers or tiny rounds and pile on pretty plates with a garnish of flowers. Sweet sandwiches, filled with chopped figs or dates, moistened with a spoonful of lemon juice, are very nice and much more healthful than quantities of cake. Let the birthday cake be a plain one, sponge, angel, or a delicate snow cake. An easy method for decorating it is to scatter over the moist icing tiny plates with in all colors, or allow the frosting to harden, then decorate with rosettes of delicate tinted icing pressed from a pastry bag. On top, with a sable brush dipped in fruit coloring, paint three large 3's and in the centre of each figure place a candle. If there is space, the name of the tiny hostess may also be painted on the snowy surface. Instead of setting at each plate a box of candy, which seems to be the regulation souvenir at a child's party, provide some droll cheap toy. It will be quite as highly appreciated by the tiny guests, and the delicate ones may be saved an attack of indigestion.

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THE DEATH OF BELGIUM'S QUEEN

MARIE HENRIETTE, Queen of the Belgians, who died suddenly at Spa on Friday, September 19, was one year the junior of her husband, King Leopold, who celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday last August. They were married at Brussels in 1853, the bride being Princess Imperial and Archduchess of Austria. Their only son, the Duke of Brabant, died in 1869, at the age of ten years; the present heir-presumptive being Prince Albert, son of the King's brother, the Count of Flanders. The three daughters of the King and the late Queen of the Belgians are: Princess Louise, born in 1858, married in 1875 to Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; Princess Stephanie, born 1864, married 1881 to the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, and in 1900 to Count Lonyay; and Princess Clementine, born 1872.

Queen Marie Henriette was in her lifetime a woman of many sorrows, and her death came without warning, at a moment when she was away from home, with neither her husband nor any member of her family present, and not even a physician or priest in attendance upon her last moments. King Leopold, who had been sojourning in France, together with the other members of the royal family, Ministers of State and various dignitaries, were hastily summoned to Spa, where a funeral service was held on Monday, the 22d. Afterward the body was

taken to the royal castle of Laeken for entombment. The "official" public funeral at Brussels, a week later, was an occasion of solemn pomp and pageantry.

Reviewing the Queen-mother's sad life, a Belgian writer says: "In 1869 the death of her son, the Duke of Brabant, at the age of ten years, caused her grief beyond measure. Later, fresh alarms and keen sorrows wrung her mother's heart when tragic events [the violent end of Crown Prince Rudolph at Myerling] shattered the happiness of the Princess Stephanie, her daughter. The death of Prince Baldwin, son of the Count of Flanders, brother of King Leopold, was another cruel blow to her Majesty; and the disastrous conflagration at Laeken Castle, in which treasured relics and heirlooms were destroyed, brought her a further trial. The Queen sought, if not to forget, at least to soften, her sorrow by devoting her energies to works of charity. Her attitude in the face of misfortune was always calm and resolute." The marriage of the widowed Stephanie to Count Lonyay, two years ago caused bitter family dissensions; and when that unhappy Princess arrived at Spa to attend her mother's funeral services, the King refused to see her. The royal Court of Belgium will go into mourning for three months; and King Leopold's projected visit to America, next year, is now reported as abandoned.



The Late Queen of Belgium—Latest Photograph, 1901

THE LATE JUSTICE HORACE GRAY

ON SEPTEMBER 15, Justice Horace Gray died of paralysis in his home at Nahant, Mass. With his decease this country lost one of its most noted jurists, and a man who had been associated with the courts of America for almost half a century. As a young man, in 1854 he was appointed reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Exactly ten years later, at the age of thirty-six, he became Associate Justice of this court. On September 5, 1873, he was appointed its Chief Justice, and remained in that position until President Arthur named him as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1881.

Justice Gray always held fast to the highest ideals of his judicial position, and although in social life he was remarkably reserved and affable, on the bench he maintained a severe dignity and decorum in keeping with his high official position.

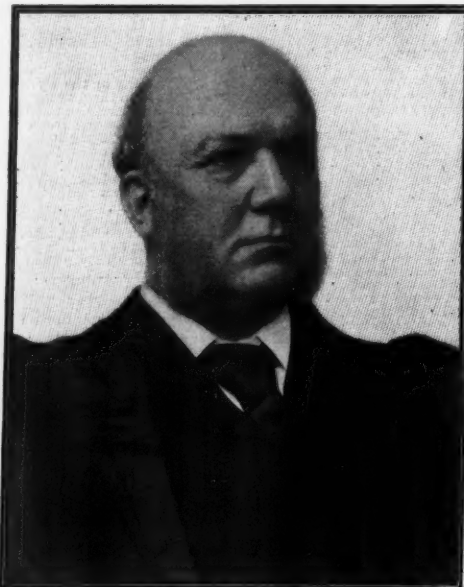
A man of great learning in the subtleties of law, but inclined to trust his own opinions regardless of precedents, Justice Gray's decisions were often the cause of long-continued controversy among the sticklers in legal circles. With the public, however, he was regarded as a man whose methods went directly to the heart of the matter under consideration.

In his twenty years' service in the United States Supreme Court he was concerned in the rendition of many famous decisions. Notable among these was that of fishing smacks captured during the Spanish War. He held they were not lawful prizes, and this decision is looked upon as one of far-reaching importance. In the insular cases of recent date, Justice Gray supported the

Administration. Perhaps his real opinion about the Constitutional questions coming up under the new expansion policy was best expressed when he said: "The civil government of the United States cannot extend immediately and of its own force over territory acquired by war. Such territory must necessarily, in the first instance, be governed by military power under the control of the President as Commander-in-Chief."

Justice Gray had much to do with the formulation of the general orders and forms in bankruptcy proceedings under the last Bankruptcy Act. He was also a recognized authority in admiralty cases.

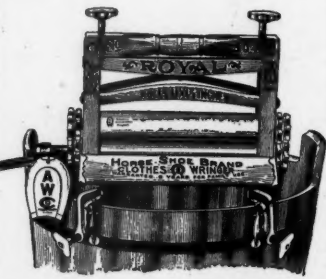
The head of the nation said upon his death: "I had a high and peculiar respect for Justice Gray. I felt he had done the greatest possible service as Justice, and I deeply mourn his death."



The Late Justice Gray

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In December, 1902, will be issued the first American edition of **SANDOW'S MAGAZINE** of Physical Culture, and to insure an edition of at least one hundred thousand copies, I make this extraordinary offer: Upon receipt of \$1.00 (the annual subscription price), I will send the magazine monthly to any address for one year, and give as a premium
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This offer positively expires November 1st. But a subscriber may begin the course at his own convenience before January 1, 1903. Send remittance to
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What Goes Up

MUST COME DOWN

Nothing is more certain than that the use of so called tonics, stimulants and medicines, which depend upon alcohol for their effect, is injurious to health in the long run.

What goes up must come down and the elevation of spirits, the temporary exhilaration resulting from a dose of medicine containing alcohol, will certainly be followed in a few hours by a corresponding depression to relieve which another dose must be taken.

In other words, many liquid patent medicines derive their effect entirely from the alcohol they contain.

Alcohol, and medicines containing it, are temporary stimulants and not in any sense a true tonic. In fact it is doubtful if any medicines or drug is a real tonic.

A true tonic is something which will renew, replenish, build up the exhausted nervous system and wasted tissues of the body, something that will enrich the blood and endow it with the proper proportions of red and white corpuscles which prevent or destroy disease germs. This is what a real tonic should do and no drug or alcoholic stimulant will do it.

The only true tonic in nature is wholesome food, thoroughly digested. Every particle of nervous energy, every minute muscle, fibre and drop of blood is created daily from the food we digest.

The more eating of food has little to do with the repair of waste tissue, but the perfect digestion of the food eaten has everything to do with it.

The reason so few people have perfect digestion is because from wrong habits of living the stomach has gradually lost the power to secrete the gastric juice, peptones and acids in sufficient quantity.

To cure indigestion and stomach troubles it is necessary to take after meals some harmless preparation which will supply the natural peptone and diastase which every weak stomach lacks, and probably the best preparation of this character is Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets which may be found in every drug store and which contain in pleasant palatable form the wholesome peptone and diastase which nature requires for prompt digestion.

One or two of these excellent tablets taken after meals will prevent souring, fermentation and acidity and insure complete digestion and assimilation.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are equally valuable for little children as for adults, as they contain nothing harmful or stimulating but only the natural digestives.

One of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest 1,800 grains of meat, eggs or other wholesome food, and they are in every sense a genuine tonic because they bring about in the only natural way a restorative of nerve power, a building up of lost tissue and appetite, in the only way it can be done by the digestion and assimilation of wholesome food.

the year, totalling a gain of \$2,945 to date, the gross capital required being \$212 at any one time. The side columns of winning and losing days are also very interesting, for they show that there was 61 per cent of winning days. The losing days are not necessarily days on which no bet was cashed, but simply those on which the three operations failed to make a profit.

Turning to the table of the full Consensus, playing the six or seven bets every day, it shows that until the horses settled well to form, a great number of two-year-old races were "off"—that is to say, the unknown quantities in the form of youngsters who had never started in a race previously threw the tipsters greatly awry, and not until these youngsters had run a race or two, or as the habitués say, "run up to their work," was the balance swung even and true. Then, by the wonderful law of average, it was as much in the direction of gain as hitherto in the direction of loss. Thus is established unhesitatingly the superiority of the "three best bets daily." The capital required for the full Consensus was \$890 as a maximum, and of the winning and losing days there was but 38 per cent of winning days.

It will be seen that this is essentially a method for the amateur. It does away with all the intricate calculations of weight, time, distance, jockey, left at the post, condition of tracks, positions at the post, odds, and the innumerable items which are regarded as important factors in the orthodox resultant integer of handicapping. It definitely shows the individual a certain horse to play, and if the odds are 2 to 5 or better against the animal, the bet is made, and won or lost, as the case may be. The averaged odds against the winners are about 9 to 5, and with 192 races won and 190 races lost, from Aqueduct to Sheepshead fall meeting, the result is palpable and plain.

It is not an easy method to work—far from it. It is full of small details, all vitally important, all affecting the main result. There are the late scratchings, the calculations and recalculations, and in all, it may be said to occupy the player for nearly an hour every morning before the first race, and possibly another half hour (in intervals of five minutes before each race, recalculating, etc.) before his day's work is through. Then, if he is wise, he will keep a ledger account at night of what has transpired during the day, what errors were made, and how to avoid them in future.

It should, however, be clearly remembered that the same cardinal ethical point stands firmly rooted in this, as in all other forms of speculation—i.e., the trained or the natural business man will make a success of it, while the careless or unbusiness-like man will make a disastrous failure. Then the latter will blame the system, never realizing that the player is the weaker vessel. If, however, one must lose money to pay for an afternoon's or a season's fun in the open air at a race meeting, why, this is one of the agreeable methods for the tyro, and one in which he stands considerably less chance to lose than any other.
WILFRED P. POND.

RECORD-BREAKERS

OCEAN RECORDS are achieved at an enormous cost. An English engineer has figured that the *Campania* of 5,000 tons burden uses 28,000 horsepower to make 22 knots an hour; while the 24-knot ship would have to be much larger and to develop 48,000 horsepower. This enormous horsepower would require greatly increased coal consumption and an engine and coal space which would reduce the freight-carrying capacity to a minimum. Roughly estimated, it would cost about twice as much to operate a vessel at 24 knots as for a vessel making 18 knots an hour. The German companies have proved this proposition practically, and they have proved, too, that even at high rates of fare the ocean liner is operated at an annual loss. In the busy season, of course, the ship earns expenses on some trips. Like the summer hotel, the ocean liner has a short season.

But the summer hotel closes when the summer season ends. The ship does not. The ship lies idle for about ten weeks in winter, but during the remainder of the year she makes regular trips, however large or small the passenger list may be. And when she is idle she is not only losing interest on about \$3,000,000, but there are innumerable expenses. The superintendent goes aboard every day, and he is constantly finding that improvements are needed in one place and changes in another. Then the ship has to go into dry-dock and be thoroughly cleaned. When she is running the expenses are enormous. The *Deutschland* carries about 470 officers and men. The *Kronprinz Wilhelm* has 550 officers and men.

Catarrah Can Be Cured.

Catarrah is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrah in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrah, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, **W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.**—Adv.

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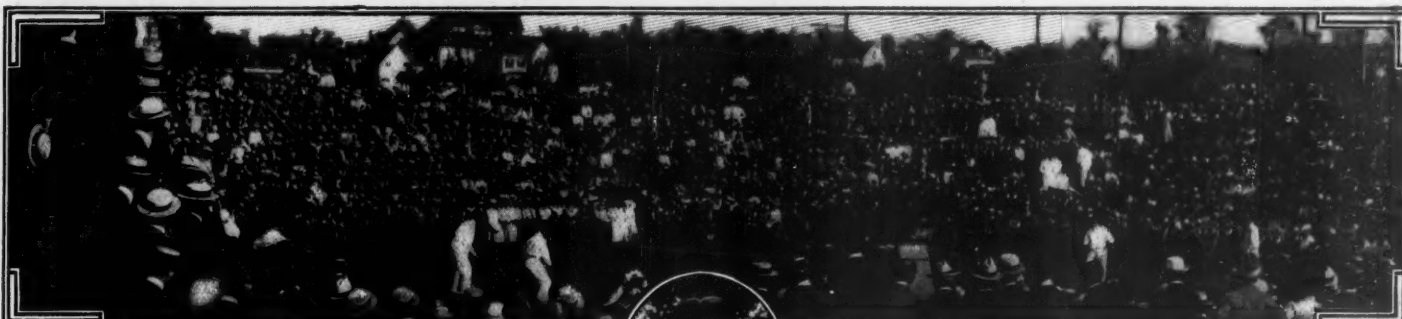
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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMP

Doherty Brothers vs. Davis and Ward Match—

—International Tennis Championship, at Bay Ridge, L. I.



W. A. Larned, Tennis Champion

THE PAST YEAR



THE lawn tennis season just ended has been a source of great satisfaction to American enthusiasts, and one that marks a new high-water mark in the American progress at the game. We have scored many international victories before this season, but never one so conclusive as this, and none before that has been accepted as convincing. Abroad, the Doherty brothers are fairly worshipped—in England, Ireland and on the Continent. President Collins of the English L. T. A. voiced the sentiments of his compatriots when he declared, the day before the international matches this season: "If the Dohertys cannot win the Davis Cup, then I do not see how we can ever expect to win it."

The result of the international matches gives American players the International Championship again, but with an added lustre that cannot be slighted.

On the other side of the Atlantic, our British cousins have been satisfied to go on, year after year, playing the same game their predecessors have played, to refine the strokes a little more perhaps, and to gradually develop even greater accuracy. But there never seems to be any new stroke, any new method or development of the play. It was left to the inventive mind of the American to work out the new problems. Even though he still lacks the perfect racket work of his British rival, the Yankee has evolved new methods of attack and defence, and this newer strategy was more responsible for the American victory this season than any superiority of the defenders over the challengers.

Glancing back at the season from the bird's-eye view offered at the end of the year, we find Pim, Ware, Wright, Clothier, Ward and the rest all outclassed by Larned, Whitman, R. F. Doherty, and presumably H. L. Doherty, although we know little of the latter's form, since he did not meet a first-class American in singles while he was here. The

elder Doherty beat Larned at Bay Ridge and lost to Whitman, while at Newport he reversed this, winning from Whitman and losing to Larned.

Clothier, the Pennsylvania champion, shone brightly in one or two tournaments and showed really high-class skill. In volleying, this clever young player shows excellent form, particularly in his horizontal strokes, but his service is not strong, and he cuts the ball a little too much in making his ground-strokes, more noticeably in his backhand play, for championship form. Huntington, Knapp and Stevens, besides Hobart, all old-time veterans, reappeared in tournament play this season, and Huntington showed the best form, although Stevens played several good matches.

To quote our distinguished visitors of the year again, H. L. Doherty declared at Newport that over here in America we have more fine lawn tennis players than in England and that our standards are quite as good.

The Britishers are expected to challenge once more next season, and the Dohertys will probably come over again on the visiting team, so that another year of international matches may be looked for.

As between Larned and Whitman, which is one of the most vital points of contention to tennis men this season, it is interesting to hear what the Dohertys, impartial critics with excellent judgment, have to say upon the subject. To them, Whitman was a disappointment and Larned a revelation. They declare that although Whitman may be the more consistent match-winner, Larned is far the finer player of the two and probably the finest in the world. His erratic streaks of play, as usual, brought their defeats this season. He lost to Clothier at Longwood, before he had developed his mid-season form, and he lost to R. F. Doherty in the international matches, after having won the first two sets easily. Against Pim, he did better than Whitman.

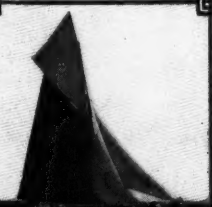
J. PARMLY PARET.



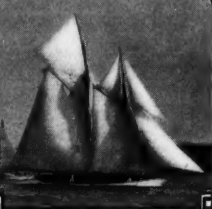
Dwight F. Davis



Holcombe Ward



"Yankee" during N.Y.C. Fall Regatta



"Elmina" winning from "Muriel"



H. Fournier going at Rate of a Mile in 51 4-5 Sec.



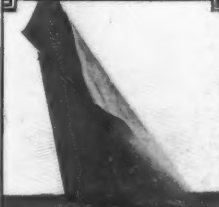
A. R. Shattuck in Long Island Endurance Test



R. F. Doherty



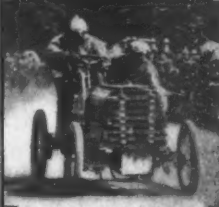
H. L. Doherty



"Weetamoe," Winner of Three Cups



Charles Smithers' Schooner "Muriel"



Marcel Renault winning Paris-Vienna Race



Freak Machine, which covered a Mile in 1m. 7s. at Coney Island

THE PAST YEAR IN YACHTING



THROUGH several causes, the principal one being the uncertainty as to the change in measurement rules, the racing of the past season has been limited in the larger classes mainly to existing yachts, but few large racing craft having been built during the winter.

After an idle season in 1901, the 70-foot class has been active this year. Vice-Commodore Belmont has raced his *Mineola*; *Rainbow* started in nearly all the races of the class, as did *Yankee*. This latter was sold early in the season by Messrs. Whitney and Duryea, her joint owners, to J. Rogers Maxwell; while Mr. Whitney devoted himself entirely to the turf, to the exclusion of yachting, Mr. Duryea took in part exchange the 51-foot cutter *Humma*, built in 1901 for Mr. Maxwell, sailing her himself through the greater part of the season and resigning the tiller to another clever amateur, Ralph N. Ellis, when he went abroad in September.

Mineola, under the skilful handling of Captain Charles Barr, was very successful through the early part of the season, defeating in most races *Rainbow* as sailed by Captain Clayton Haff and *Yankee* as sailed by her owner in person. From the time of the New York cruise, however, *Yankee* showed a greatly improved form, which she maintained to the end, scoring many first prizes.

The schooner class was small in numbers, practically resulting in a long duel between the sister boats *Elmina* and *Muriel*, built in 1901. While the two are identical in every respect, *Elmina* had the advantage of the handling of Captain Dennis, one of the best of professionals, while *Muriel* was raced by her plucky owner, Charles Smithers. The contest was an unequal one, in view of Captain Dennis's achievements of old in *Amorita*, and *Elmina* scored the majority of

wins, but *Muriel* had the honor of first place in some very close races.

Another interesting duel was that between the sister boats *Weetamoe* and *Neola*, designed by Gardner & Cox for the 60-foot class, two beautiful racing craft of very light-build, the hulls being of bronze. New this year, they met with the usual disappointments in the early races, but through the summer and fall they sailed a number of close races, dividing the honors very evenly. The larger class of imported English cutters—*Elin*, *Isolde*, *Queen Mab*, *Senta* and *Hester*—met on the cruise and in the fall races, but the racing as a whole has not been close and decisive. Much was expected at the outset from the yawls *Vigilant* and *Ailsa*, the former with a new steel mast and the latter with a new and larger rig.

The challenge cup matches of the year were but two; the Quincy Cup and the Seawanhaka Cup. The former trophy, held by the Manchester Yacht Club, was challenged for by the original donor, the Quincy Yacht Club. As the only limitation is that the water-line shall not exceed 21 feet, every incentive was offered to designers to produce something abnormal. The challenging yacht, *Flashlight*, was a scow of quite extreme proportions, but moderate beside the two defenders, *Outlook* and *Hastes*. *Outlook* won the trial races and the finals as well.

The match for the Seawanhaka Cup again resulted in a victory for the Canadians. *Trident*, the defending boat, was in all respects superior in model to the challenger, *Tecumseh*, a racing scow of the Western type.

It is hardly too much to say that the real strength of the year's racing has been in the multitude of comparatively small yachts that are now scattered along the coast and throughout the breadth of the country, on salt and fresh water, nearly all sailed by their Corinthian owners.

W. P. STÉPHENS.

THE PAST YEAR IN AUTOMOBILING



AUTOMOBILING may be said to have passed, during the season of 1902, the turning-point in favor of its assured permanence and popularity in this country. The great shows at Madison Square Garden and the Chicago Coliseum were a revelation of the advance in motor-vehicle manufacture in America. At these exhibitions, exhibitors practically disposed of their entire season's output, so far as the vehicles themselves were concerned.

The ready sale to dealers at the shows in question was followed by a public demand far beyond anticipations. Orders far ahead and even premiums for early deliveries have been characteristic of the rush to buy during the entire season. While foreign machines have been in great demand, and the importations of them have reached surprisingly large figures, the amount thus expended by Americans in extravagant purchases has been but small as compared with the aggregate paid for vehicles of home manufacture. The

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They ARE THE BEST in the Essential qualities of

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4 Full Quarts \$3.20
EXPRESS CHARGES PAID BY US

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Orders for Ark., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Oregon, Utah, Wash. or Wyo., must be on the basis of 4 QUARTS for \$4.00 by EXPRESS PREPAID or 30 QUARTS for \$16.00 by FREIGHT PREPAID.

Every quart of whiskey we sell is made at our own distillery, and our entire product is sold direct to consumers, saving you the dealers' big profits and avoiding all chance of adulteration. No matter how much you pay you cannot get anything purer or better than HAYNER WHISKEY and yet it costs only \$3.20 for four full quarts and we pay the express charges. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded by first mail. Distillery, Troy, Ohio. Established 1866.

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season altogether has been one of great realization for home makers, and of great promise for the sport in this country.

The great endurance test of the season, the annual long-distance reliability run of the Automobile Club of America, is yet to come. It will occur from October 9 to 15, and will be run from New York to Boston and return, under far more stringent restrictions than marked the inaugural test to Buffalo last autumn. Three endurance tests have already taken place, however, which give promise of the satisfactory showing the 1902 vehicles will make in the culminating and crucial one in October.

The first of these was that of the Long Island Automobile Club over a hundred-mile circuit, starting and finishing at Jamaica. It had 66 starters, of which 16 were steam vehicles and 50 were gasoline; 37 of them received awards, of which 21 won blue ribbons for going the course without a penalized stop. The century test promoted by the Automobile Club of America, from New York City to Southport, Conn., and return, on May 30, was an out-and-out non-stop contest. Only those vehicles completing the journey under these conditions were recognized in the awards. Thirty-nine gasoline, 15 steam and 1 electric vehicle started; 17 gasoline and 11 steam machines made the run without a stop. Over thirty per cent of the contestants covered the course within the limit and less than nineteen per cent failed to finish.

The Chicago Automobile Club's 100-mile run on August 2 was the inaugural Western test. Twenty-nine vehicles, 3 steam and 26 gasoline, started. There were 23 to complete the run, but only 9 won blue ribbons—7 gasoline and 2 steam. Heavy roads made the going difficult and the test a severe one.

In all of these tests American machines not only compared favorably with their foreign-made competitors, but actually outlasted them when proportionate survivors are considered. The Americans, though, largely outnumbered the Europeans. The promises of the shows were thus more than realized.

The season has seen a still further reduction of the speed records. The most notable performances, however, have been in straightaway trials abroad. The greatest of these—a new world's mile straightaway record—must be credited to that representative American sportsman and intrepid automobilist, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. In a trial on the road near Chartres, France, early in August, the young millionaire covered a mile in 48 2-5 seconds, and a kilometre in 29 3-5 seconds. The former supplants Henri Fournier's 51 4-5 seconds, made in the Coney Island trials last autumn, and still stands. M. Serporet's 29 4-5 seconds for the kilometre was also cut a fifth of a second by Mr. Vanderbilt the same day. The latter record, however, was wiped out on August 22 by Charles Jarrott, an Englishman, who covered the distance in 28 1-5 seconds.

Three great international road races have been run abroad. The greatest of these, the Paris-Vienna, was won by M. Marcel Renault, a Frenchman. In the course of it, over part of the distance, the James Gordon Bennett international trophy was won by S. F. Edgar, an Englishman. In a later race contested in France, and known as the Ardennes circuit, Charles Jarrott, mounted on a French machine, was the victor. He covered the 318 miles at the rate of 54 miles an hour.

The straightaway speed trials run at Staten Island on May 31 produced some noteworthy records both for the world and this country, despite the fact that they were stopped before their conclusion by an unfortunate accident. S. T. Davis, Jr., set the world's mile steam record at 1 minute 12 seconds, and C. H. Metz established world's motor-cycle figures at 1 minute 10 2-5 seconds. Jacques Longueux, with a foreign machine, also set a new world's mile standard for gasoline vehicles under 1,000 pounds at 1 minute 27 3-5 seconds, supplanting Guillaume's 1 minute 27 4-5 seconds, scored at Nice earlier in the spring. The ill-fated Baker electric also established the world's kilometre record for this class of motive power at 36 1-5 seconds.

The Brighton Beach race meet of the Long Island Automobile Club on August 23 produced a new mile record for steam machines. George C. Cannon and a Harvard fellow-student piloted a racing machine of the former's design a mile in 1 minute 7 3-5 seconds, which beat all previous track and straightaway records. If this record be not allowed, owing to two men being in control of the machine, then it must go to J. W. Howard, who the same day drove his steam racer in 1 minute 9 seconds.

Remarkable and valuable stopping tests were promoted on Riverside Drive, New York, on May 1, and at St. George's Hill, Philadelphia, on June 24. They demonstrated that the automobile was far more easily controlled than horse-drawn vehicles.

An endurance run from Boston to New York, speed contests and a fuel consumption test at Manhattan Beach, and a ten-mile road race on the Coney Island Boulevard have demonstrated the practicability of the motor-tricycle and have shown the marvellous speed possibilities of the automobile's little brother.

HARRY C. PALMER.

(Polo, golf and horse-racing will be reviewed next week.)

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I ask you for the name of a friend who needs help—that is all.

Just send me a postal to tell me the book he needs. No money is wanted.

Do that much and I will do this:

I will send him the book, and with it an order on his druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. I will authorize that druggist to let the sick one test it for a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself.

There was never a sick one who could refuse such an offer—and I am very glad to fulfill it. My records show that 39 out of each 40 pay for the medicine gladly. I pay just as willingly when one says that I have failed.

The reason is this: After a lifetime's experience I have perfected the only remedy that strengthens the inside nerves. Those nerves alone operate every vital organ; and no weak organ can be well again until its nerve power is restored. I want those who need help to know it.

For his sake, please tell me some sick one whom common remedies don't cure.

Simply state which book you want, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 521, Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia
Book No. 2 on the Heart
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys
Book No. 4 for Women
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Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.



"Grandpa, why don't you get a pair of
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and throw that long tube away?"

The use of trumpets, tubes, audiphones and other cumbersome and obsolete devices to aid the hearing is being everywhere abandoned since the appearance of these

SCIENTIFIC SOUND CONDUCTORS FOR DEAFNESS

They are invisible and fit in the ear, are comfortable, and restore the hearing. Beware of imitations. The WILSON is the original and genuine.

Physicians recommend them. Information and letters from many users free on request.

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If you suffer from Eczema, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Itch, Ivy Poison, Acne, or other skin troubles,

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will cure you.

Cures sunburn in 24 hours. In cases of Prickly Heat and Hives it will stop itching at once, also will relieve mosquito bites.

Hydrozone is a scientific Germicide. Used and endorsed by leading physicians. It is absolutely harmless, yet most powerful healing agent.

As these diseases are caused by parasites, killing them without causing injury to the sufferer, naturally cures the trouble.

Sold by leading druggists.

FREE to any one sending me 10c. to cover actual postage, will send a bottle containing sufficient to prove to your entire satisfaction the claims here made. Pamphlet sent free. Address

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A "SEAT" WORTH \$83,000

A SIGNIFICANT development of the past few weeks in Wall Street, now recognized as the world's financial centre, is the growing demand for seats in the New York Stock Exchange and the consequent large advance in the cost of them. Eighty-one thousand dollars is the price paid recently by a new member; added to this was the initiation fee of two thousand dollars, making the total cost eighty-three thousand dollars. One week before a seat had been transferred, the consideration being seventy-nine thousand dollars, and a day or two afterward one brought eighty thousand dollars.

Under the laws of the Exchange a man may borrow money on the security of his membership, but only of his fellow-members. Repeated loans having reduced the margin of his equity to a low figure, and seeing a chance to sell and save something from the wreck, a member will give notice of his intended retirement and sale of his seat. The secretary causes a bulletin of the fact to be posted. This is a form of advice to all members holding claims against the seat to file them for collection. The purchaser pays the money to the secretary, and he in turn pays the claims, turning over the balance to the retiring member.

Accusations of misconduct have been the primal cause of a member's selling his seat. Where the offence is venial a fine is imposed or a term of suspension ordered. While under suspension the member is not admitted to the floor. Though the Board of Governors have pronounced his offence pardonable, it is not easily forgotten by the members in general. This is especially the case where the lapse is such as to bring down a sentence of suspension for a whole year.

Many are called to membership, but few are chosen. It is one thing to have the price of a seat and quite another to convince the Board of Governors that you possess the qualities to pass muster. If Diogenes with his lamp came to Wall Street seeking an honest man, possibly he would find his quest much easier than he did in ancient Greece, for in the curious game that is played on the floor of the Exchange there may be no cheating. There, at least, it must proceed in accord with the unwritten laws that prevail among men of honor. If there is a *deus ex machina* in this daily grind of serious horse-play, it is the spirit of confidence. In the swift bargaining that goes forward there can be no bond save that of a man's word.

A glare is turned on a man's past when he presents himself as a candidate for membership. The Governors make a searching inquiry concerning his integrity as a man and about his financial standing. His application is posted, and all who have light to shed may borrow the ear of the Governors. If charges of unfitness are preferred, the candidate has an opportunity to answer them. He is permitted to present his side through counsel. Should he do so, the case proceeds as it might in a court of law. When the decision is favorable, it is in order for the eligible one to find a member who wants to sell his seat. Usually, however, this detail is attended to in advance.

FOOD

WANDERERS

Travel Thousands of Miles and Find It at Home.

We go about from one place to another in search of something we desire, without success, and finally find it right at home awaiting us. A mining engineer out in Mansfield, Mo., tells of his experience with coffee.

He says, "Up to the year 1898 I had always been accustomed to drinking coffee with my breakfast each morning. In the summer of that year I developed a severe case of nervous prostration and I took several courses of treatment for it in Toronto, Buffalo and New York City without obtaining any permanent benefit.

One of the most trying manifestations of the malady was a condition of nervous excitement in which I found myself every day during the forenoon. It never occurred to me to attribute this to coffee until I read an advertisement of yours last Fall describing a case similar to my own which had received benefit from the use of Postum Cereal Food Coffee. I at once changed my breakfast beverage from Java and Mocha to Postum and the effect was nothing short of marvelous. After using it less than a week I was free from morning attacks and in six months all my nervous symptoms had disappeared.

I have demonstrated the fact that by following your directions in making Postum Food Coffee any one can obtain as rich a cup of coffee from Postum as from any of the imported brands, and may rest assured that they will escape the injurious effects of coffee and experience much benefit from the use of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Purity is Free

Schlitz beer costs the same as common beer, so that purity is free to you.

Yet purity costs us as much as the beer itself.

It requires absolute cleanliness. It compels us to filter even the air that cools the beer. Then we carefully filter the beer, and sterilize every bottle after it is sealed.

And the beer must be aged for months in a temperature of 34 degrees, for otherwise the beer would cause biliousness.

Don't let your dealer decide which beer you shall drink, for he makes most on the common kinds.

Ask for Schlitz, for purity means healthfulness, yet that purity is free.

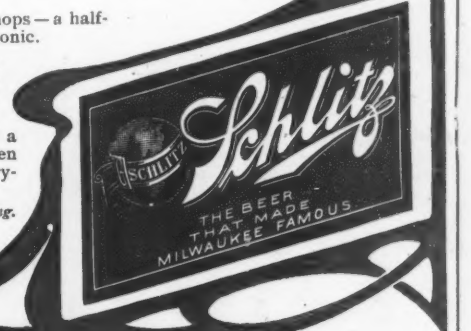
Not a beverage known to man is more healthful than beer, if it's pure.

Barley-malt and hops—a half-digested food and a tonic.

Your doctor says the weak must have it. Why not the strong?

But don't drink a germ-laden beer, when Schlitz is sold everywhere.

Ask for the brewery bottling.



LONG DISTANCE SINGLE BARREL SHOTGUN \$4.35

Send us \$1.00 deposit, state if the \$4.35 or \$4.50

gun is wanted, give length of barrel and gauge desired, and we will send this guaranteed long distance single barrel shotgun C.O.D. by express, subject to examination, you to pay the expressage and express charges after you find it perfectly satisfactory, otherwise we will refund your \$1.00.

This Fine Gun

is made by expert gun makers, every part and piece fitted

perfect and reinforced so it cannot shoot loose or shaky, strong rigid steel frame built

extra solid to withstand the use of any NITRO POWDER, breech loading, barrel of finest

crucible rolled steel, taper choke bored to size from the solid bar, latest improved top

snap and rebounding hammer, best quality steel works, extra strong spring, fine walnut stock,

heavy rubber butt plate, full pistol grip, thoroughly tested for pattern, penetration and

strength. For 50c. extra or \$4.85 in all we will furnish the same gun with latest im-

proved automatic shell ejector which throws shell out automatically, making it pos-

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guns at \$8.45 up, non ejector gun at \$3.50 up, double barrel shotguns at \$8.55 up and everything in rifles, revolvers, ammunition and sportsmen's goods at

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Breech loading, made with finest blued crucible

rolled steel barrel, taper choke bored to size

from the solid bar, and bored for any nitro powder.

Choice of 30 or 32-inch barrel in 12

gauge or 30-inch barrel in 16 gauge.

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a sure killer at a long distance and

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I like to do business with hard-headed, cautious, conservative people.

They don't jump at the conclusion that because my advertisements read well, my System is necessarily all that I claim for it.

They avail themselves of the facilities I offer for investigation; for obtaining proof of the most convincing kind, and when convinced that my System is better than any other and infinitely superior to drugs and medicines for building and restoring perfect health, they place themselves in my hands with a confident belief in a successful issue—a hearty determination to second every effort I make in their behalf—that wins half the battle.

My System appeals to sensible people because it is a sensible system. No medicines or drugs, no apparatus, no doctor's bills, no time away from home or work, but just a systematic, natural development of every faculty, every organ, every function, till Nature's normal standard is reached.

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I can do all this for you as I have done for hundreds—yes, thousands of others, because my System is Nature's system—these results are as natural and inevitable as the cycle of the planets.

I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My System is for each individual; my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. It is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

Nothing I can say in proof of all this is one-half so convincing as the unprejudiced testimony of men and women who have nothing to gain, every thing to lose by deception, whose reputations are beyond the shadow of suspicion.

If you will send me your name and address I shall be pleased to mail you free, valuable information and detailed outline of my System, its principles and effects, and will not only send you testimonial letters from pupils, but I will also pay the postage both for inquiry and reply so that you will not be at a cent of expense to convince yourself that the Swoboda System is a successful system.

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From Canada to Florida

OTTAWA, CANADA, Feb. 21, 1902.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, Esq., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I began taking your physical exercises about four months ago and the benefit I have received from them is simply wonderful. I can truthfully say that I am a new man in every respect, due entirely to carrying out systematically the various exercises you from time to time sent me. When I commenced your exercises my muscles were flabby and the least exercise tired me; I was also a sufferer from constipation, but both have entirely disappeared and my muscles to-day are as hard as steel and I can take exercise which was before entirely beyond me. I would specially recommend all office workers to take a course of your physical exercises and I can quite readily say that they will find that the investment will bring them in grand returns. I intend keeping them up and from time to time will acquaint you with my progress. You are at liberty to refer any one to me and I will be pleased to write them of the great benefit I have received from your treatment, of which I can only speak in the highest terms. Believe me,

Very truly yours,

W. H. A. FRASER,
of Fraser & Co., Lumber Merchants.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Aug. 22, 1901.

MR. ALOIS P. SWOBODA, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—After having taken your course of exercises for three months, I feel that I have given it a thorough trial and am frank in saying that it has benefited me more than I expected. Inasmuch as my duties as manager of a lumber manufacturing plant give me a great opportunity for exercise, I did not look for any decided increase in my measurements, but your exercises have hardened my muscles, regulated my general physical condition and made it possible for me to keep in good health without taking calomel and quinine. I feel sure that your system is the simplest one for a person who wishes to take regular exercise and I wish you the success you deserve with it.

Very truly,

A. G. CUMMER,
of Cumer Lumber Co.

